

A
TIME
CAPSULE

FROM ENVS 208

ENVIRONMENTAL JUSTICE IN THE ANTHROPOCENE

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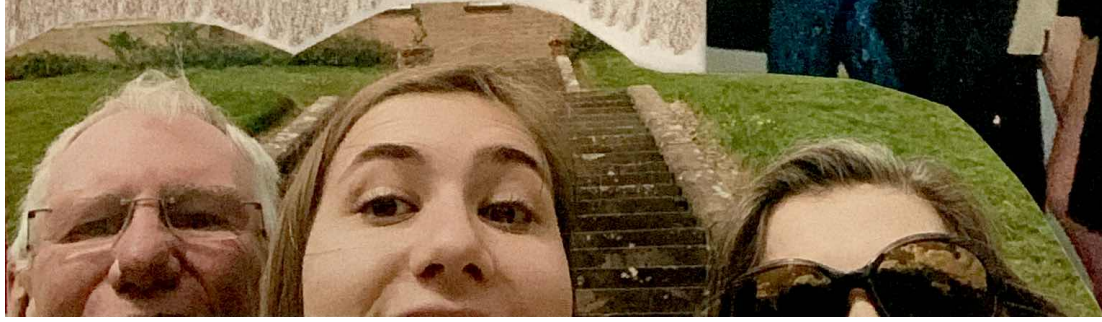
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(quote from my favorite poster)

WHY DO
I NEED A
WAR IF ALL I WANT
IS TO GROW
A CARROT?

- THE REVOLUTIONARY PRESS



how to grow a carrot (well, sorta)

COMPOST FACT SHEET:

general:

- What? Compost is comprised of food scraps and other organic matter that breaks down over time to form topsoil and natural fertilizer.
- Why? One major reason people compost is to keep organic waste out of landfills where it releases methane (CH_4), a greenhouse gas that is significantly more potent (up to 80x) than carbon dioxide (CO_2). It also reduces the creation of liquid leachate, which can run off and pollute nearby bodies of water and percolate into groundwater.
- benefits? Compost helps increase the water holding capacity of the soil, which, in turn, makes it better equipped to battle erosion. It also reduces the need for synthetic fertilizers and is great for plant growth.

ingredients + equipment:

ingredients?

- o browns: carbon-rich substances — dead leaves and dry, woody debris
- o greens: nitrogen-rich substances — food scraps and other organic waste
- o water

equipment?

- o 3-bay bin can be built to separate out collected leaves/active pile, or you can just have a big pile
- o spade to chop compost! small food scraps + large surface area = decomposition
- o garden gloves to protect hands
- o pitchfork to turn pile
- o thermometer to check temperature of pile

putting it all together:

- active stage: add food scraps until your bin is full or until you've reached a desired pile size; each time you add scraps, add 2x as many leaves
- cooking stage: post-adding food scraps
 - o stages: 1. mesophilic — up to 2 months; moderate temps + microorganism build-up
 - 2. thermophilic — 2-4 months; high temps + microorganism action
 - 3. cooling — 2 months; no more regular turning; smells woody
- o turning: turn the pile once a week until the cooling stage; turn the pile to make a dome shape — the temperature will be hottest in the middle core; separate pile into two parts (middle + top, sides + bottom) and switch parts each time you turn
- o temperature check: ideal temps 135-160°F in thermophilic stage
- o moisture check: ideal moisture content ~50%; to check, squeeze a clump of compost as tightly as possible; droplets between fingers = 50%; if not enough moisture, add water; if too much, add leaves
- o decomposers: worms, bacteria (actinomyces), ants, fungi = good!

tips:

- smelly ≠ good: if your pile smells, it may be anaerobic; turn it!
- cleanliness: when working with equipment/multiple piles, always work from the most to least finished piles to avoid bacterial contamination



The Woman I Love in TJ Maxx (2021)

Capitalism demands we feel less—be less. So that it can fill the empty spaces we believe exist within us. *Buy more—this will make you feel complete*, it promises. Wanting us to send flowers after a fight so we avoid the difficult and intimate conversations that would fill that empty space. Telling us what is inherently wrong with the body we’ve been gifted, swearing that *this* item of clothing or skin-care product will finally grant us the love of others, while ensuring we will never find that acceptance within ourselves. Capitalism gladly grants momentary satisfaction but leaves us lonelier than before.

And that hollowness haunts me, makes me wonder if anything could ever replenish the child-like joy I used to feel. If we could ever return to pre-western ideals that aren’t interwoven with extraction. Ideals that cause people to lose their jobs, their livelihoods, and, in many cases, their lives.

How can I be happy when I benefit, in any way, from a system of mass destruction? When there is still so much more I could do? Am I even allowed to be?

Upon answering these questions, I was assigned a Rebecca Solnit reading, and she has helped me shed the oppressive boundaries I’ve placed on my own joy: “When activists mistake heaven for some goal at which they must arrive, rather than an idea to navigate Earth by, they burn themselves out.” There will always be more to do, but you are allowed to feel joy amidst destruction. If we can’t take a step back to acknowledge what we and others have built, all we do is allow capitalist mindsets of never-ending production to win.

So, here I am with the woman I love, feeling everything. Whispering “I love you” next to aisles of last minute christmas presents and “his” and “hers” mugs. Forcing her to dance without music in the aisles of TJ Maxx, knowing there’s a smile behind that mask. Stifled laughter, tight hugs. I tried to spin her, but nearly knocked over the stainless steel kitchen appliances instead.

Good things don’t last forever, and I don’t know if they’re even supposed to. Maybe she doesn’t stay, but she’s taught me how to love myself and her without reservation. That love is not only a feeling, but a promise. A commitment I make every single day. A light by which to navigate this earth by.

The anger, frustration, and disappointment will come. It always does. But I find hope and inspiration when witnessing the resistance efforts in my community and around the world. Especially, the years of protest First Nations peoples have undertaken against pipeline building in their communities and oil extraction from the Alberta tar sands. No matter the setbacks they encounter, they never stop fighting for the possibilities. For hope.

Choosing to feel, all of it, has allowed me to know the meaning of euphoria when it comes. Because it will come. It always does.



Dear future time capsule finder,

My name is Peyton, and I'm a 21 year old student at Middlebury College in the year 2021. I'm assuming you're reading this in 2121—a year that sounds kind of awkward for me to write out,

but does have a nice ring to it. I wonder if you're bald now. Is evolution over, or is biotech engineering evolution now? Do we still get sick so often? Has cancer been cured? Do we still use microwaves? Are toothbrushes still a thing? Do we still fall in love?

I wonder what ended up happening with Covid-19, and what you've read about the pandemic in the history books. Maybe Middlebury College made it somewhere in there. After all, we did make it in the New York Times this morning (because of our current outbreak)... yikes.

I wonder what your version of Earth looks like. I wonder if you're mad at us right now for causing the state of your Earth. Yet again, you never experienced any other reality than the one you're living now. Although maybe the world is still deteriorating in your lifetime.

Above is a picture of my messy desk—lots to unpack there. As I sat before it last night, caught in a staring contest with the llama, I realized that a picture of my desk was a pretty great representation of my thoughts and my life and also sheds some light on the current time period. “Beautiful chaos” is what I'd like to title that photo. On my desk, you will find half-dead flowers my boyfriend gave me that I am unwilling to throw out, a vanity mirror, a makeup palette (that smells like chocolate), my candles, a rotten grapefruit, some (plastic 🤢) cups, and tabasco sauce. I'm not saying that this is what everyone's desk looks like all the time. This is partially a product of the hectic end-of-the-semester workload. There has definitely been an addition of stress from the recent outbreak on campus. And as you can probably gather, my response to stress is not by cleaning. My mom calls me a hot mess, which I don't bring up to call myself hot—I have my vanity mirror to tell me that. I also might be wasting my time trying to be funny, as I have no idea what the taste for humor will be in 100 years. As for the eccentric animal paintings, art is a big outlet for me when I'm stressed, and decorating my wall with my art makes me happy.

I wonder what art looks like in 2121. I wonder what other forms of expression look like, and also what self care looks like. I hope that you are able to prioritize your mental state in the midst of your day-to-day struggles. I hope that there's a larger emphasis on mental health in 2121, because I think that the current lack of attention to mental health and mindfulness has been an obstacle in saving the future planet from its current trajectory. I wonder if capitalism has persisted in 2121 or if things are looking a lot different. I hope they are for your sake. I hope that care is the foundation for everything—care for one's self and wellbeing, and care for each other. Most importantly, I hope that this care is all-inclusive. I hope that any person on your planet could pick this paper up in 2121 and feel like the world is looking out for them in the way that they are looking out for the world.

With love and hope for you and *your* future,
Peyton Belsher

U.S. DEATHS NEAR 100,000, AN INCALCULABLE LOSS

They Were Not Simply
Names on a List.
They Were Us.

Numbers alone cannot possibly measure the impact of the coronavirus on America, whether it is the number of patients treated jobs interrupted or lives cut short. As the country nears a grim milestone of 100,000 deaths attributed to the virus, The New York Times scoured obituaries and death notices of the victims. The 1,000 people here reflect just 1 percent of the toll. None were mere numbers.

Patricia Dowd, 57, San Jose, Calif., editor in Silicon Valley • Krueger, 85, Kirkland, Wash., grandmother with an easy smile • Jermaine Ferro, 77, Lee County, Fla., wife with little time to enjoy marriage • Cornelius Lawyer, 77, Levee, Wash., sharecropper's son • Retta Mendoza Dionisio, 69, ...

When my friend is low, we walk by the river

It's somehow still a pandemic and we have nowhere to put our rage. My friend tells me how he has begun to imagine the finishing touches of his life. He counts the things he's lost. As he talks, I imagine tethering a silver thread from his body to mine.

It's dusk. The geese are all headed home. Our two bright shadows grow longer. Grief is a clump of dark feathers in the grass. The sky runs purple and petals out. We look around.

It's almost cruel, he laughs. After everything, how the world still insists on being beautiful.

-J. SULLIVAN

Love you, miss you
Nana

Love
Dad

Lots of love
Mom

Hoping you
get some
good now

to our last teenager

Love always
Mr. Jarrow

WE NEED A
CIVILIAN
CLIMATE
CORPS

GOOD
JOBS
FOR NJ

NO CLIMATE
PROTECTOR

GOOD
JOBS
FOR NJ

GOOD
JOBS
FOR NJ

PROVIDE
JOBS
PROTECTOR

YOU SWIM IN

WE DROWN IN

21 months of silver threads

It's December 2021. I've been thinking of how to describe the world in this moment to you for a while. There's a lot going on that you've probably learned about in history classes. Runaway climate change, extreme racial injustice, Trump's presidency ending, a global coronavirus pandemic. These are all real, they happened and are happening. It's odd writing to you because you know the answers to all the questions I have. I wish you could tell me if we took on this moment in history and changed for the better, that you could write me back and tell me the right choices to make. Time won't allow that, so here I am trying to predict what questions you would have for me.

Life currently is strange. There's an omnipresent sense of fear and dread that we all carry, whether it's about COVID or climate change or something else. It's always there in the background, though its focus ebbs and flows. I remember the day that the New York Times front page about COVID deaths came out. "U.S. DEATHS NEAR 100,000, AN INCALCULABLE LOSS" sprawled across headlines. Today, over a year later, over 700,000 people have died from COVID in the U.S. and many more will still. Life as a college student has been trying to catch your footing on unstable ground. We were sent home at the start of it all, chaos unfurling on a national scale as we scrambled to book flights and see our parents, not even knowing yet that we should be wearing masks as we did so. I took all my classes on zoom, spent finals weeks at home, and took a winter term course from my childhood bedroom. We sit in classrooms wearing masks, flinch when we hear a cough, and at times aren't allowed to hug our friends. Nothing seems quite right.

Early in the pandemic, I came across a piece of writing that has come to define this chapter of my life for me by Joy Sullivan. It is included in the collage I've enclosed in this capsule. She writes of talking to a friend while they're low, at a distance, during the pandemic. As they talk, she "imagine[s] tethering a silver thread from his body to mine." We are bound together by thin, beautiful strands that become lifelines in the dark, glinting the little bit of light that is let in and holding us to life.

In times of isolation, it takes less to bring me joy, even in my lows. The world's tallest filing cabinet. The sun hitting a building in town just right. Penguins on a card, a poem found on the internet, driving four hours for a protest with people you've never met. Seeing your high school friends for the first time in over a year. Turning 20. Handwritten letters like those pieced into this collage. Two of them are the last thing loved ones ever said to me. Some are quiet messages of love, like a friend hoping that I "get some good snow", a silver thread stretching between North Carolina and Vermont.

Silver threads gently holding us together, even as the news headlines loom in the background. It doesn't make sense how both can be true, but somehow, they must be. The way forward is through "love and creation in a moment that fetishizes death and spurns care," as Julie Sze says. How do you love through the darkness? How do you create through the destruction? This is the question of this moment, as we turn toward the future and ask ourselves what the world will look like in 2121, knowing we'll never get to see the answer. I hope you can think of this question too, as you turn towards your own futures and wonder about what might happen. I hope silver threads are tethered to you when you are low, and that you can return the favor for others as well.

Wishing you nothing but good luck and silver threads,
Becca Brownstein, *Middlebury College, Class of 2023*

13
minutes



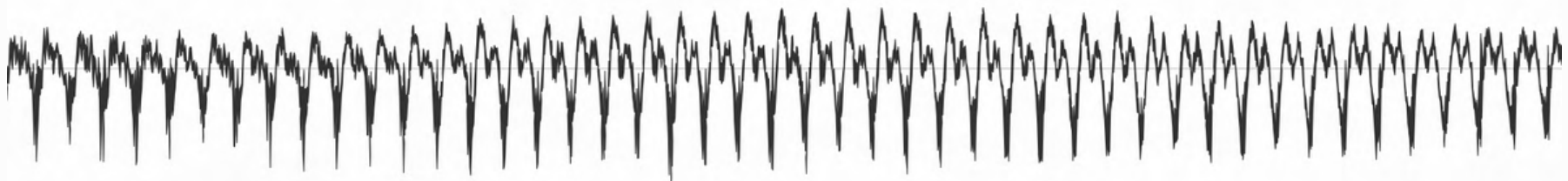
1
minute



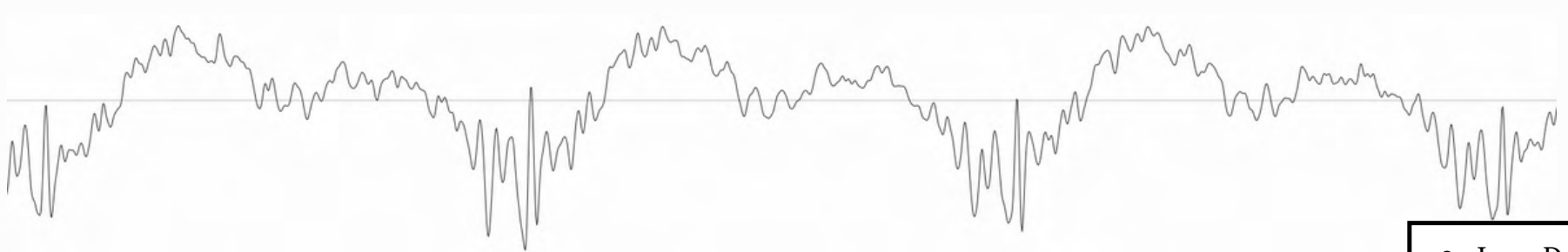
3
seconds



1/2
second



0.0205
seconds



Humpback whale



These sounds were recorded off the coast of Maui in 2016.
In the summer, humpback whales migrate from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands to breed.
This is a male's song to attract a mate.

50 ft



These are humpback whales off the coast of
Oahu in the winter of 2021

What to leave behind? What to show you to best encapsulate life here? Life right now, in this moment? As I write this, I am sitting in my living room. Van Morrison's *Moondance* album fills the air. It is Thanksgiving Day. Silly of me to be working on an assignment on Thanksgiving, maybe. But perhaps not this sort of assignment. For it is on this day that I am reminded of the space I occupy. It is 12:43pm. The smell of pecan pie cooking in the oven hangs in the air. There is nothing quite like the warmth of a home, surrounded by those you love, those who love you, the excitement of a reunion, the laughter of a funny memory, the arguing over who cheated in a boardgame. Everything feels whole. My mom is setting the table, wrestling with whether to go with the red or dusty orange placemats, my very colorblind dad seeking refuge by going to the store for last minute ingredients. Outside, the wind rustles through trees, howling alongside the house.

Earlier this morning, I walked down to the ocean and I felt the salt on my face, the cold wintery sand on my bare feet. The sight of the crashing waves centered me, mesmerized me, and I felt the ocean's presence all through my bones. My grandmother sits on the chair beside me, perusing through family photo albums, smiling with eyes far away. Her fingertips graze my grandfather's face. A face frozen in time, lying beneath a layer of laminated plastic, and I know she is thinking of him. He should be here. He should be but he is not. We lost too much this year. My brother, Kai, is moving chairs around the table. Auntie Tracy mashes sweet potato, playfully bickering with my mom about how best to do everything. Bear and Cub lie at my feet, Cub wearing an imploring look for a scratch. My one-year-old niece, Eliana, plays with my hair, screeches with laughter, eventually dozing off into my lap. It is all so simple really. And I feel grounded. I am reminded just now of all that there is in this world of ours, and therefore, feel the most prepared to reflect on the task of contributing to a time capsule.

This prompt serves as a reminder that our time here is short. How does one look forward and backward and neither all at once? I wish I could look forward with more certainty, but to be honest, I cannot see it. I could tell you all the good parts of our time here. All of our accomplishments, the wars we've won, the technologies we've built, the diseases we've cured. But I feel as though those are things you can learn without me having told you. I could tell you about what a grim task it is to look into the future of our climate. The variety of species, deep oceans, and dense forests that we are preparing ourselves to lose. Lose forever. And I could tell you how sorry I am. That I should have done more. That you must live with the consequences of my inadequate action. And I could tell you that because of this fact, this failure on my behalf, on the behalf of those before me, you must be stronger now. More hopeful. More loving. More brave.

All these things may be true. I won't deny them. But today is Thanksgiving Day. And so I will share a different lesson with you, a lesson of gratitude. What a powerful thing it is. It grounds us to a place. It reminds us where we come from, who we aspire to become. It forges us to those we love. So here I am, from however many years in the past, unsure of what your world even looks like, asking you to practice giving thanks. Take a moment. Center yourself in the place that you are in. The moment you are in, the only one that truly matters. And give thanks. Give thanks to whatever it is you appreciate in this moment, no matter how big or how small. Take a deep breath in. In for five seconds. Hold. Out for five seconds.

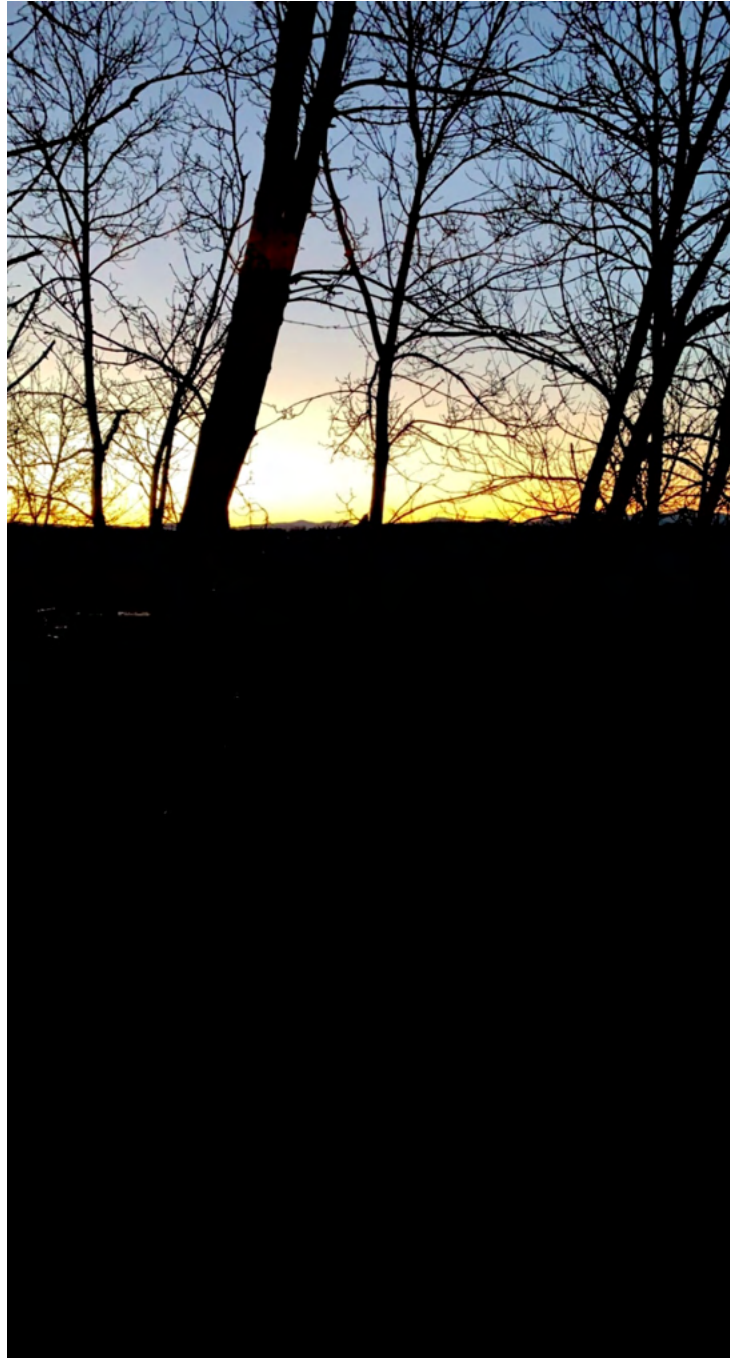
And so, it is with these thoughts that I leave you. It is with these thoughts that I move towards Thanksgiving dinner. Towards a table full of warmth, love, food, and safety. A table that is missing some faces. Faces that I never thought I must live without. But a table that has also made room for new ones. Baby Eliana, you must live every single moment, fight every single battle. For I hope that when you are my age, you do not have to write time capsules in your classes. I hope when you are my age, all you are tasked to think about is the moment you occupy. I hope you do not have to fill your present moment with fears for the future, only to look back and realize how much you may have lost. But if you must, take time to remind yourself of where you are. Who you are. What you have. There may always be loss. There may always be pain and struggle. But there will also always be gratitude, things to be grateful for, people to be grateful for, places to be grateful for. Find them. You just have to look.

With love, hope, and gratitude,

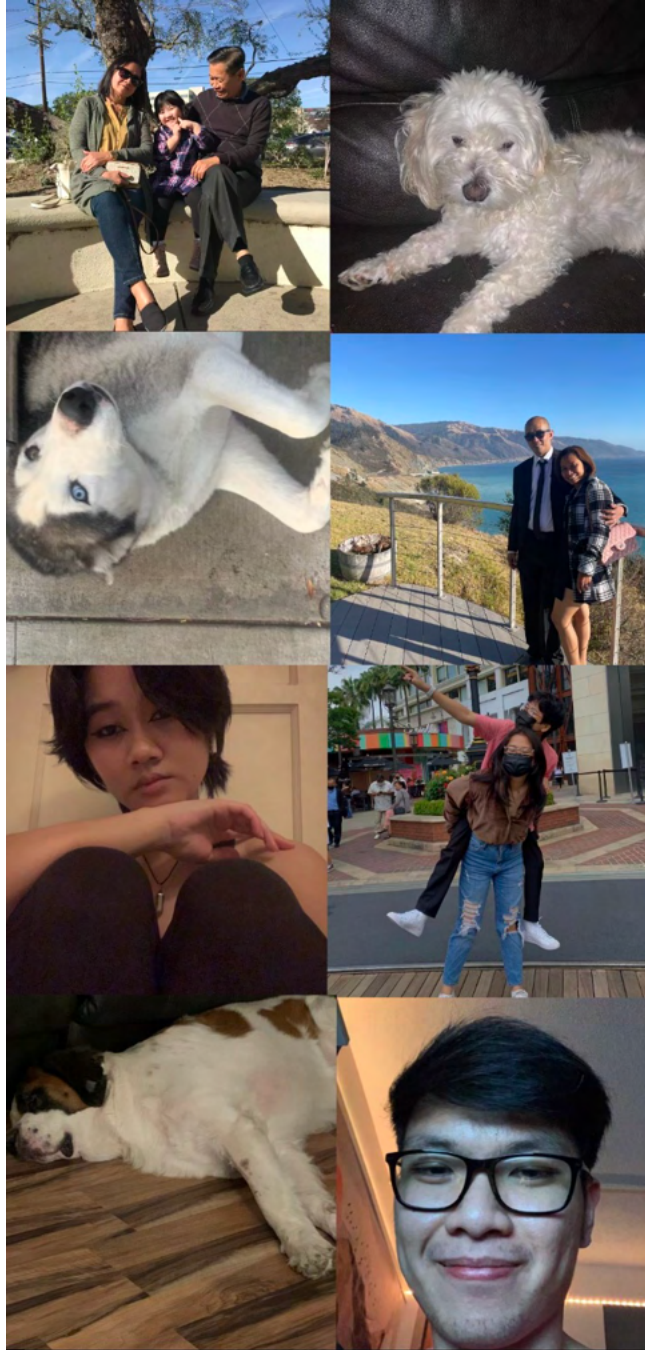
Una

P.S. Below is a gift from me to you, a photo of the ocean that I took when I was home over break. I wanted to leave something behind that I myself am grateful for, something that I appreciate in this moment, something that I find sanctuary within: my favorite part of this world. Will she still be all of these things when you read this letter? Will she still *be* when you are reading this letter? Only you know the answer, and so I left her as a gift. Just in case she is not.





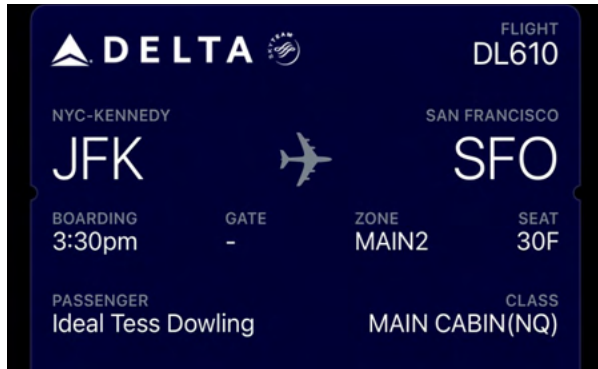
*Dusk begins
with a familiar shade; it too
carves away at
a mysterious sky—boundlessly
fractured.
-ADP, 2021*



From top left to bottom right:

Dolores De Pacina, Carla Barles, Pedro De Pacina, Dream, Dash, Jose Barles, Nonalyn Barles, CJ Barles, Lance Barles (in red), Bea Barles, Spots, Angel De Pacina

From the perspective of a 22-year-old college student studying Political Science at a Liberal Arts school in rural Vermont, who grew up in New York City with the privileges of a secure financial background and elite private-school education but also among a generation full of individuals experiencing extreme social, political, and cultural discontent, today's world is one defined by endless and exhausting contradictions.



15 - Ideal Dowling

many people go vegan for either the environmental impacts or health benefits, but the packaging and transportation involved in this delivery service and the nutritional values of the products make the Good Grocer neither environmental nor healthy.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
12PM	12:15 pm to 01:30 pm ANTH0274A-F21 MAC 125 - CRN: 91984		12:15 pm to 01:30 pm ANTH0274A-F21 MAC 125 - CRN: 91984		
1PM		01:30 pm to 02:45 pm ENVS0208A-F21 HLD 103 - CRN: 91656		01:30 pm to 02:45 pm ENVS0208A-F21 HLD 103 - CRN: 91656	01:30 pm to 02:20 pm PSCI0305A-F21 MNR 317 - CRN: 92634
2PM					
3PM	02:50 pm to 04:05 pm PSCI0305A-F21 MNR 317 - CRN: 92634		02:50 pm to 04:05 pm PSCI0305A-F21 MNR 317 - CRN: 92634		
4PM					

The Michigan shooting was the deadliest on school property in the U.S. this year.

The rampage at Oxford High School was the deadliest shooting on school property in 2021, according to Education Week, which tracks such shootings in the U.S.

By JACEY FORTIN and SCOTT ATKINSON

As China Speeds Up Nuclear Arms Race, the U.S. Wants to Talk

The Pentagon thinks Beijing may build 1,000 or more weapons by 2030. But it's the new technologies that worry strategists.

By DAVID E. SANGER and WILLIAM J. BROAD

Lawmakers Strike Spending Deal but Government Shutdown Still Looms

Even as the House set a Thursday vote to fund the government through February, Senate Republicans were still threatening to force a shutdown over vaccine mandates.

By EMILY COCHRANE

Supreme Court Seems Poised to Uphold Mississippi's Abortion Law

It was less clear whether the court's conservative majority would overrule *Roe v. Wade*, the decision establishing a constitutional right to abortion.

By ADAM LIPTAK

In addition to the classes shown on the schedule above, this fall I have been working on my senior thesis, having squash practices six days a week, and writing for the college's weekly newspaper. For me and many other students, it is easy to fall into a mindless routine as our schedules repeat week after week and we are bogged down with coursework and other responsibilities. Middlebury can feel like a bubble as we all focus on our daily lives. Meanwhile, the rest of the world is in turmoil, as shown by some recent *New York Times* headlines. Taking a step back to comprehend how dire the consequences of gun laws, government incompetency, abortion restrictions, and nuclear arms are for so many people can create moments of disillusion; it suddenly seems silly to spend so much time worrying about a paper grade or looming due date when women's rights are under attack and parents can't feel confident that their teenage children will be safe at school.

December 12, 2021

If you are reading this from where it was unearthed, please look to your East. What do you see? Close your eyes and breathe deeply, feeling your ribs expand outward as your lungs fill with air. What do you smell, what do you hear?

I imagine these sensations overflowing your brain are markedly different from mine, as change seems the only constant in a world continually adapting to its relationship with man. From where you stand, my eyes would see the opaque walls of the College's coveted Bicentennial Hall towering over a stand of maples, beech, oak, young cedars, and the occasional pine. The Chapel's steeple peers over the hill, reaching for the sky like the rolling Green Mountains behind. On a fall afternoon, Bi-Hall's windows may cast a marvelous light whose beauty is dwarfed by the cacophony of colors performing alongside golden rays as the trees prepare for a winter of dormancy. Had we shared this space together, there is a good chance you may have found me amongst these trees. The smells of manure, sweet grass, and the rich earth of Vermont hardwood forests permeate my nostrils. Geese and crows call and coalesce—hundreds at a time—landing in the tall grass, grazing as if impersonating their counterparts at the dairy farm to their North. Reeds overflow with the commotion of nesting redwing blackbirds, whose trill reverberates throughout the pastureland deep beneath the forest's canopy. Sparrow, chickadee, thrush, newt, woodpecker, barred owl, grey squirrel, and a complex mycelium network share the bounty within the trees of this small swath of land, while warbler and vireo flit from the highest branches. Once the dense shrubbery of the fall subsides, one can move rather unimpeded, and the other-than-human amongst you are alerted of your presence only by the crunch of firm snow or a fallen branch beneath your boot.

And yet, the snow does not fall as it used to. My winter boots are often sodden with the mud of spring. Black bear, catamount, and moose once roaming this land freely are scarcely seen—pushed to the peripheries or extirpated all together—replaced by cow, sheep, and house cat. The blackbirds thrive in a habitat of invasive reeds, and the squirrels increasingly depend on scraps of waste leftover in our bins.

Even so, my hope persists, ignited by moments shared with the beings within these woods. Invigorated by indigenous led movements compelling our self-serving world leaders to take action against the climate crisis. Reassured by the need for change ever more dire and the movement demanding radical, climate action never stronger.

Does a December breeze still pierce the pores of your cheeks? Will the calls of geese persist through the new year with no need to fly south? Will the clear sunsets glow with smoke of the West increasingly engulfed in flames? Have these trees matured or been razed and replaced to house an ever-growing Middlebury student body?

Shall we ever cross paths, please tell me what you feel looking East, enter the woods and tell me again.

Only then may I know if we have succeeded.

Hopefully,

John William Dreyfous







To whomever may be reading this, my name is Madeline Hiller. Today is December 8, 2021. Born and raised in Woodstock, Vermont, I am now 20 years old and in my junior year at Middlebury College majoring in Environmental Policy. Although I am in the midst of finals, today has been a good day because it has been snowing since I woke up this morning! Unfortunately, this year we haven't gotten much snow. Well, there was a bit at the end of November, but last week was very warm and the rain washed it all away. By very warm, I mean that it hit about 50°F...in December...in Vermont. As someone who has lived here their whole life, this was very concerning. Growing up, I never had to dream of a white Christmas because I always associated December, even November, with the beginning of winter. The beginning of winter means snow. However, as I got older, I had to begin hoping, praying, dreaming for a white Christmas. Yes, it is snowing right now, 17 days before Christmas. But there is still uncertainty that it will stay, as this Saturday's forecast has a high of 53°F with rain.

The reason I have had to begin praying for, and soon probably just dreaming of, a white Christmas is because, frankly, we are living through a climate crisis. While Vermont is struggling to have snow in December, other areas of the world are facing much worse consequences. The western United States is on fire and suffering through an ongoing drought. Siberia is also facing extreme wildfires whose smoke is now reaching the North Pole. Caribbean nations and the Gulf of Mexico are being battered by hurricanes. Pacific islands are disappearing as massive ice sheets calve and sea levels rise. Soon, coastal areas will follow suit and billions of people will

become climate refugees. Cities are getting hotter, while extreme winter storms are more frequently encompassing the Midwest and northeastern United States later and later into the winter. I don't know what the world may look like at your present moment, but I hope my generation will have done at least some things to mitigate these consequences.

Something that infuriates me about the situation we are in is that it did not have to get to this stage. The generations before us could have done more to reduce the global warming that was beginning to reach its tipping point during their "prime", maybe even stop it. However, they chose to wait, and wait, and wait. They decided that my generation would be able to handle their mess. Honestly, I don't know how much we can do at this point without the help of that same group of people who got us into it because many of them are in power today. So, I pray that by the time you open this, my generation and the generations after have done more to lessen the blow. Best case scenario, capitalism is gone and replaced by a global economic system that focuses on human connections, rights, and well-being rather than short-term profits and growth. Best case scenario, the privileged, white, wealthy politicians, investors, and extractors are out of power and replaced by those who know how to properly connect with and protect the Earth, such as indigenous leaders.

I don't know how much of this will be achieved. What drives my passion and my hope is the future of the generations to come, including yours. The photo above is of my cousin's children (left to right), Jackson, Bennett, and Abigail. Jackson is six, Abigail is three, and Bennett is one. My cousin's family lives in Wilmington, NC. Wilmington is a coastal city in southern North Carolina with many beautiful beaches and boardwalks. It is also a prime Hurricane and tropical storm location. With climate change on the brink of no return, the intensity and frequency of these storms will only increase. Plus, the ice caps are melting faster, giving way to sea level rise that will likely encapsulate small islands and low-lying coastal cities and towns. Wilmington could very well not exist in your moment in time. The city may be an underwater museum of what was and what will be if you don't continue to act.

Although my cousin and I will likely be gone in the next 100 years, it is possible that Jackson, Abigail, or Bennett will still be around. If my generation doesn't act quickly soon, they may have to witness as their childhood home sinks into oblivion. So, I am asking you to think of the ones you love, of their future, and of the future generations to come. Because those before me did not and now we are in this mess. We will try to do all that we can to get out of it, but if we don't succeed, it may be up to you. I know that is asking a lot, but, if not for the good of our planet, fight against whatever is coming your way for the good of the future.



Notes from friends, collected in the fall of 2021.

In thinking about what to add to this time capsule, I wanted to add something you won't be able to find in a news archive in 100 years. Much of what has defined these past few years for me can easily be found in a newspaper; covid, incredible polarization, riots and protest, the election of Donald Trump and then Joe Biden are highly all documented events. However what is less seen, moments exchanged between friends, random small acts of kindness and empathy, expressions of love, have given me hope when everything feels impossible and overwhelming. I chose to add a few notes from friends I have received over the past few months, highlighting small moments when a friend dropped off a doughnut from the local bagel bakery randomly, an item in a store made someone think of me, a photograph with a caring caption on the back, and other random displays of empathy that have lifted me up. These notes I have collected from friends are only

the written records of friendship that have carried me through the last two years and reflect an ounce of the vast outpour of friendship, connection, and love that has come in the wake of the life altering events of the past few years.

I hope you (time capsule finder) also enjoy the glimpse at the vernacular of this time, or at least the words my friends and I use to address each other as I don't think everyone speaks like this. Notably, "queen" is how my friends and I regularly address each other, a heart is often used to replace the word love, and far too many exclamation points are frequently employed (although not to the normal egregious level in the note pictured). If I were to stumble upon a time capsule from 100 years ago, I would personally be intrigued by the colloquial words and slang used, peeking into the daily vocabulary that is used without a second thought, but is arguably quite odd.

In the context of this class, Environmental Justice in the Anthropocene, I am left to wonder what the world will be like in 100 years. Who will be opening this capsule and what kind of world do they inhabit? Have we abated climate change and do we live in a green society based on renewable energy and service based jobs? If so, what did it take to get us there— was it gradual or was there a defining moment that marked a new beginning? Is capitalism still a thing? I suppose the beauty of the time capsule is that there is no way for me to know in what kind of world it will be opened, making this feel both nebulous but also more intimate. The temporal aspect of this project is interesting, because if I were to find a time capsule from 100 years ago, I don't think climate change would even be mentioned in it, but human impact on Earth has defined at least the past 5 years for me and will have consequences reaching far past the next 100 years. Sometimes, in darker moments, I think that despite humanity's efforts (I was inclined to say best efforts but I do not think that we have done our best efforts yet) climate change will persist until it violently and slowly wipes us all out. What stops me from going down this nihilist rabbithole, in which no action is meaningful because we're all going to die anyway, is the love demonstrated in my notes.

I truly believe that human connection, the affinity you feel for others and our capacity for empathy is what will stop climate change. Yes, our society is deeply individualistic and those living with privilege are greatly distanced from the effects of climate change currently; I don't think that this will change in the near future. But I do believe that what it takes to understand the gravity of climate change is that it is taking the lives of people everywhere and that eventually it will impact us all, perhaps not to the same extent, but it will profoundly change all lives for the worse. Thinking about the possibility of ecological destruction reaching those we love, and that at a certain point humans will lose the reins on just how much damage we create is enough, scares me more than if it were to just affect myself. We naturally empathize with those we feel close to— empathy is a remarkable trait that almost all humans possess and it allows us to reach beyond ourselves, something that is necessary for meaningful climate action.

These notes highlight small gestures of empathy between loved ones. Moments in which human connection and love have uplifted me, given hope in a time of darkness and allowed me to move forward. Rebecca Sonlit defines hope as embracing of the unknowability of the world and its surprises, finding space to act in uncertainty, in *Hope in the Dark*. Accepting the unknown is not an easy task. Certainty and predictability make the world seem more manageable and navigable, but how can we move forward in new and exciting ways when everything is already certain? In *The Parable of the Trapeze*, one of my personal favourite poems, Daanan Perry writes,

“I have a sneaking suspicion that the transition zone is the only real thing, and the bars [times of stability] are the illusions we dream up to not notice the void. Yes, with all the fear that can accompany transitions, they are still the most vibrant, growth-filled, passionate moments in our lives. And so transformation of fear may have nothing to do with making fear go away, but rather with giving ourselves permission to “hang out” in the transition zone — between the trapeze bars — allowing ourselves to dwell in the only place where change really happens.”

The empathy of loved ones and the knowledge that someone is there for you can provide enough support to bound fearlessly through the transition zones, allowing radical new futures to unfold, ones which are too uncharted to even imagine. By remembering all the love that surrounds us and our human connections vital to the building blocks of our lives, a future that is unknown is not scary but rather a joy to be revelled in. I think this will be as true in 100 years as it is now, that our futures actually reside in the present and in recognising love, allowing us to envision the impossibility of the future.

Valentina Hogenhuis
December 12, 2021

Seeds of Love & Hope

OLIVIA KILBORN



Roxas City, Capiz, Philippines

1950



Seattle, Washington

2004



Middlebury, Vermont

2021



Yellowstone National Park, U.S.A.

2010

In terms of weather-related, human-induced disasters, 2021 was an unprecedented year. I spent my summer weekends backpacking through wildfire smoke and my weekday nights sleeping in the basement in an attempt to escape the scorching, record-breaking heat waves that plagued Seattle.

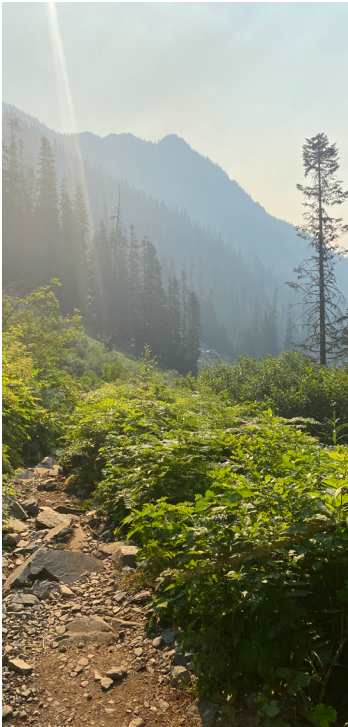
I can only imagine how much the heat, downpour, drought, and general societal chaos has been exacerbated since (or maybe, somehow, enough people were mobilized to actually prevent much of what is currently predicted). ~Not to be overdramatic or anything, but I sincerely hope what lays close to my heart—human and land alike—has found a way to persevere. By the time you read this, I fear the forests in Washington have long been turned to ash and that the number of lives' lost to ecological disaster has grown exponentially. I fear the forces of manipulation we discussed in class, such as green capitalism, have only evolved into much more malignant and deadly entities.

I've included the above photos of (a) my grandmother's family in the Philippines—an archipelagic nation currently threatened by rising tides, amongst other ecological changes; (b) a photo of my grandmother, my mom, and me in Seattle—the city where I was born, raised, and first exposed to nature's rich landscapes and beautiful people; (c) my mom, my sister, and me at the college where I have begun to wrestle with these great climate implications; and (d) my sister and I, as children.

What remains constant in each of these snapshots of my life is the presence of family. As my peers and I grapple with finding our own seeds of hope in a seemingly uncontrollable darkness, I find myself returning to my family time and time again. Whether the world is miraculously 'better' or not—I hope you, too, have a source of hope in the dark.

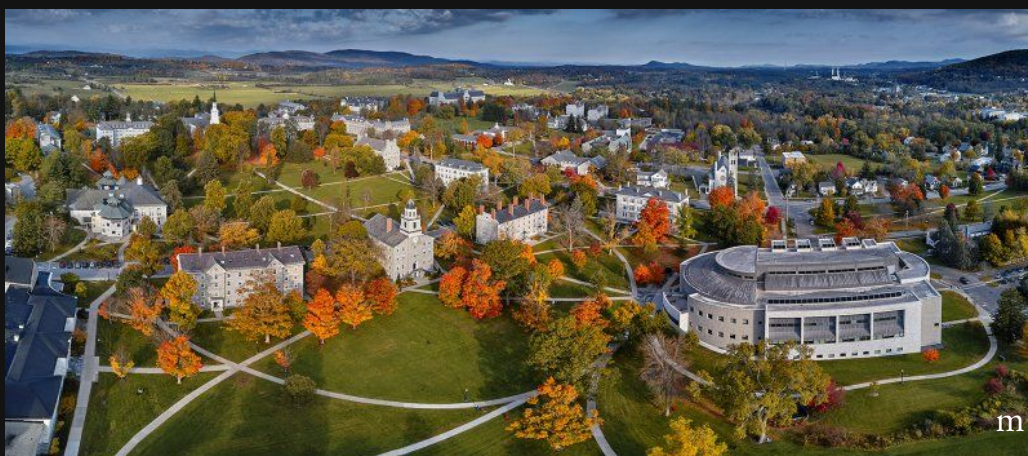
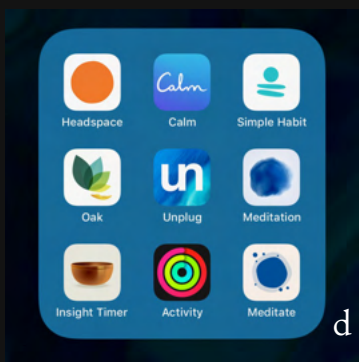
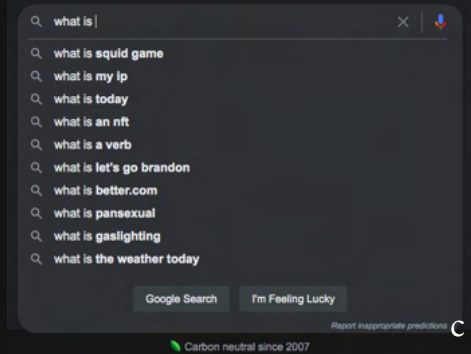
The Encroachment of Wildfire Season

A PHOTO SERIES DOCUMENTING MY FAMILY SUMMER BACKPACKING TRIPS IN
TANDEM WITH THE PROGRESSIVE PERVERSION OF WILDFIRE SMOKE IN WASHINGTON



While most of our trips that have been ambushed by smoke have taken place in August, 2021 is the first year where smoke pervaded our trip as early as the month of July.

2015 — 2016 — 2017 — 2018 — 2019 — 2020 — 2021



With the collage of pictures above, I hoped to capture some of the more absurd scenes from our current era by highlighting a selection of the silliest (and perhaps most tragic) solutions that late stage capitalism has offered up to the very problems it has created – namely, climate change.

Seen compiled together these pictures are, at first, almost comical. Here we see the richest and most powerful people in the world participating in almost childish levels of escapism and enjoying unabashed decadence, apparently ignorant to the fact that the mega-yacht on which they live their lives is sinking into the abyss. All the while, the system that made them rich while exploiting the rest of us and puncturing the metaphorical hull of our planet is busy trying to sell us the lifeboat. Capitalism has no shame.

My greatest hope is that you, future reader, find these images as dated in character as they are in actual content. May your world be free of false solutions, false consciousness, and cannibalistic reptilian capitalists (see figure h). May it be full of communal play, collective struggle, and collective joy. May you value the places and relationships you create together.

Much Love, Finn Lester-Niles

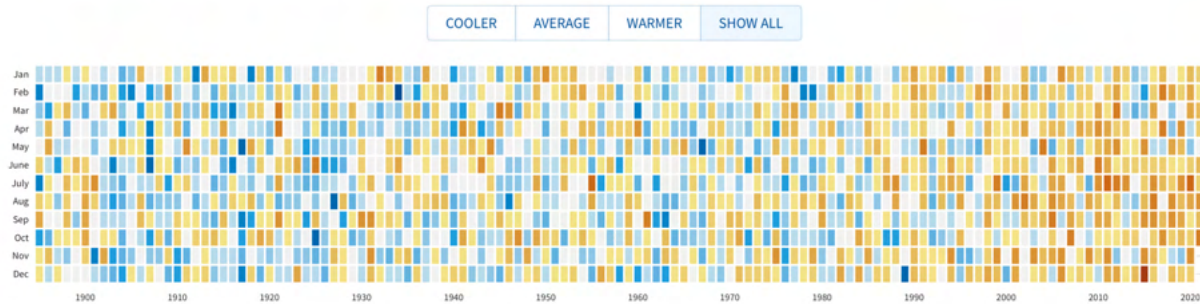
a. An illustration of the “Big U,” a massive wall proposed to keep rising sea levels from submerging Manhattan, the capital of modern finance. b. A selection of popular self-help books that offer atomized subjects of neoliberalism the opportunity to cure their capitalism-induced depression by buying something. c. A selection of questions that have been on our collective minds recently, including: what is squid game (a viral tv show and allegory for capitalism), what is an nft (one of the most absurd types of bullshit that rich people are buying these days), what is let’s go brandon (a euphemism for “fuck Joe Biden”), and what’s the weather today (ominous foreshadowing). At the bottom it assures us that Google has been “carbon neutral since 2007.” d. High-resolution meditation apps to help you come to peace with your technology addiction. e. “The Top Five ‘Smart’ [read: surveillance] Fridges of 2022.” f. 8th richest person in the world, Mark Zuckerberg, selecting an avatar in his unveiling video for the “Metaverse,” the virtual world he is trying to popularize (and enclose) to escape the one he has helped destroy. g. Newsweek’s cynical ploy to profit off of tragedy. h. 2nd richest person in the world, and alleged evil space lizard, Jeff Bezos, eating an iguana. i. Billionaire climate denier Donald Trump and neoliberal French president Emmanuel Macron plant a tree. j. An Amazon drone, hand delivers your self-help book in less than 24 hours. k. Millionaire televangelist Joel Olsteen encourages congregation to lift themselves up by the bootstraps and donate to the church. l. Richest person on the planet, Elon Musk, exposes plans to leave said planet. m. Middlebury College – an elite private institution where some of the most privileged children in the world spend lots of time and resources trying to figure out why the world is so fucked up.





Hello from 2021! For my time capsule project, I wanted to split up my contribution into two parts. First, I wanted to talk about how climate change has already affected my life and my firsthand experiences with it. Second, I have included some pictures of things that are important to me, things that I am willing to fight for, in light of the pessimism that pervades the discussion of the climate crisis.

Temperature difference from 20th century average for every month between 1900 and 2021



Above, I have included a diagram showing the average temperature in every month for the last 121 years in my home town of Philadelphia, PA. It is evident that that global temperatures are rising, and I have already felt its impact.



Growing up, I played ice hockey and a large part of this culture is playing pond hockey outdoors. Pictured to the left is my friends and I playing pond hockey in about 8th grade. While we used to play all the time when we were younger, for the last several years Philadelphia has not been cold enough to play pond hockey. This tradition of my childhood, looking ahead into the future of climate change, may be a thing of the past with warmer winters.

Additionally, I was fortunate enough to have a change to go SCUBA diving in the Carribean. While this was such an incredible experience, the warming ocean has been killing coral reefs and oceanic diversity. Pictured right is me SCUBA diving and swimming with a loggerhead turtle in a reef off the coast of Cancun. I would finally like to qualify my experiences with climate change as extremely privileged, and that many individuals have already suffered horrible consequences from the climate crisis, including death.





Hello all,

From a young age, I have heard a famous saying in my family that has stuck with me for a while and feels quite fitting. Those who stay will be champions. If you are committed to a goal, you can achieve it. Belief, sticktoitiveness and hard work comprise the pathway to success in anything you do, whether it be an assignment, a passion, or in our case, living in a completely different society than today. As I write, this it is 50° and raining in December. While just now only an aberration, it is projected to be the new normal by the time this is out of the ground. I will be gone then. Hopefully you will not be.

Right now, this whole save-the-planet thing does not look good. In fact, it is downright soberingly grim. A massive overhaul of the structures we inhabit as a society is necessary. We must adapt and rebuild our society in a way that is not inherently flawed. That does not crush people under the weight of unfettered capitalism. That does not knowingly discriminate against billions of people. To do that, we must all come together. Sadly, it is at a time when we are our most divided. It is clear that something has to give eventually. Whether that is planetary collapse or societal reformation, only time will tell. You will know the answer. Hopefully, you will be able to live within and reap its benefits.

However dim the future is, the present is already perilous for some. Islands and areas are literally being washed away. People are being pushed out of their land by heat, superstorms, and famine. Having been deemed as unnecessary by our current systems, they have been left by those currently in power to face the leading edge of catastrophic climate change.

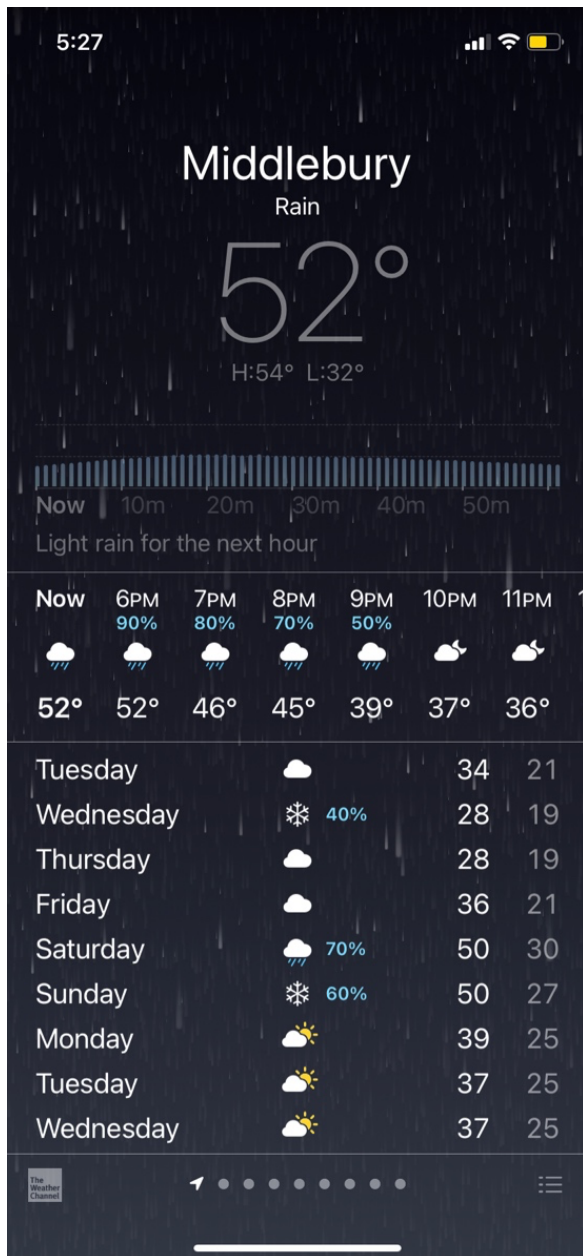
Overall, the outlook is bleak. I have had trouble finding hope in the future myself. It just doesn't look good. Not a lot of positives. Weirdly enough, this level of darkness lends itself to a lighter side. Hope does not need to be for something positive. Hope is something to hang onto. It is not the light at the end of the tunnel but the fact that the tunnel keeps going. Not that the future is infinitely positive, but that there is a future at all.

The pictures I have included intend to supplement my words of warning and urgency, as well as being a source of familiarity and hope in what will surely be an entirely altered life. The first is a photo of me and my parents from roughly seven years ago, when I was shorter, rounder, and just kinda generally funny looking in pictures. It was taken in Colorado, where the temperatures are projected to rise and snow amounts are projected to fall. The photo is a microcosm of what I want to protect for the future. First and foremost, my family. Being an only child, I am extremely close to my parents and want to do everything in my power to make sure they continue to live in a livable world. The place we are in is our favorite in the world and has provided us with countless core memories. It is a place I hope to bring my own children to, children who will be alive as you read this. Protecting this and billions of other acres on the planet is only possible if we limit climate change expeditiously.

The second photo is a screenshot from my favorite movie, *Moneyball*. In it, a man tries to overhaul a baseball team using radical new ideas. Not unlike what we need to do now. His response when challenged, adapt or die. There is no other choice.

Three and four are both from my hometown of Duxbury, Massachusetts. The first is just a pretty sunset overlooking the town and the bay. The second is a picture I took at work in 2019. It is about as symbolic as you can get. Through a dark and ominous thunderstorm, there is a rainbow. Hope and promise, shrouded in doom and worry, peaks through. It is a picture of now. Of the future. Of what needs to be done. Hope and progress must save us, it is all we have. You will know the answer.





December in Vermont, 2021

maybe you will read this and laugh at my hopeful naivete.

Today is Monday, December 6, 2021.

It is pouring rain, and campus is brown and wet. I got hot walking home from class in a sweatshirt and rain jacket.

A week ago, campus was covered in 6 inches of snow. Cold, clear days made it feel like winter had arrived to stay.

This week, it looks like we'll return to winter once again, before we get hosed this weekend; 50° and raining, then 50° and *snowing*. (what..?)

In my lifetime of 22 years, the norm of December in New England has undergone a serious change. As a young child, December was (in my young memory) *always* frosty and snowy. A white Christmas was almost inevitable. Through elementary school, we could always ski at the local cross country trails in December. We would be notably unhappy if denied a white Christmas. In Middle and high school, snow over the holidays became less and less reliable, and by the time I was a senior, I remember feeling hopeless for a white Christmas.

Although I am describing this transition to you now, the brown, snowless December days feel normal and I usually go about my business without giving much thought to the devolvment of New England winters. Just ten years ago, today's weather would've caused quite an outcry.

So I want to offer advice, or perhaps it is more of a warning. It is simple, and perhaps by the time you read it the advice will be obsolete;

Be wary of your environmental amnesia. The term "generational amnesia" is commonly used today to describe how each generation perceives the world they were born and raised in to be normal, whereas the generation before them was accustomed to a different environmental standard. In this way, younger generations don't realize the scale and rate of environmental of change that has happened on a relatively short timeline. I use "environmental amnesia" because the changes we are experiencing are happening so fast that the amnesia is not merely generational—I walk about in a rainy 50° December that is notably different from

the December I grew up with in Maine. Normalizing this devolution is a dangerous acceptance of climate change, and is incompatible with the work we face today.

I am passing this message onto you despite being clueless to what the state of the environment will be in 2121. Perhaps the earth will still be warming. If that is the case, I doubt Middlebury will exist in any semblance to the Middlebury of 2021. I hope this is not the case, but if it is, let this time capsule be a shock to your environmental amnesia; let this be a motivation to take up action and fight against every degree of warming.

Perhaps you have won the climate fight, global emissions are net negative, biodiversity persists, and the sea level has ceased to rise. If this is the case, let this time capsule be a reminder of the tremendous effort and sacrifice that was necessary to halt climate change. Don't forget the fear and suffering that happened along the way. Don't let your efforts lapse and let history repeat itself.

Maybe the climate is changing in unprecedented or unpredictable ways. As I have described, I am guilty of normalizing these changes to some degree; still, I warn you against succumbing to environmental amnesia. While internalizing numbers and charts and trends can be somewhat effective in communicating urgency and inspiring action, I believe the most meaningful motivator is each of our personal experiences with the state of the environment. Whatever the world looks like, however the climate may be changing, keep your memory fresh and your hindsight 20-20.

I wonder what December looks like in 2121. Have you experienced a white Christmas? Does Middlebury still get blanketed in snow throughout the winter? Does the Snow Bowl still operate? Perhaps snow is a mythical thing of the past that old grandmothers and grandfathers tell stories of. Am I sounding crazy?



Dear Future Finders of this Time Capsule,

This is a photo I took driving home from work just as restrictions for the first wave of the COVID-19 pandemic were beginning to lift in New Mexico, USA. From miles and miles away, I could see a huge plume of smoke that was rising near my house. A transfer center responsible for treating and disposing of garbage had been left unattended with COVID-19 and a fire started at the facility. Luckily, fire crews were able to put the fire out after several hours; however, the conflagration had spread to a neighborhood nearby and burned three homes. There were no injuries or casualties, thankfully, but it was frightening to see the black smoke, ash, and debris raining down. The families' homes that were burned down were part of a low-income housing community of mobile homes. All their possessions, livelihoods, and homes literally went up in smoke. As I drove by, the area was unrecognizable. The terrain was alien with the roads, trees, and buildings nearby littered with soot.

On the evening news, the still-shocked families and neighbors were interviewed. They expressed profound gratitude that no one had been harmed and that the firefighters had saved as much as they could. What really contextualized the tragedy of the situation was then what followed. After her home was burned down, one of the ladies went to console her neighbor but then hesitated because it would violate COVID-19 restrictions of maintaining six feet of separation. To make light of the end-of-the-world-like situation, residents joked that they were

thankful for the masks required to wear during the pandemic because it helped mitigate the smoke inhalation.

I hope that this won't be normal in the future because it feels horrible compared to what usually happens. Normally, people are out walking dogs, socializing, kids are playing, people are hiking and doing outdoor activities. This was significantly reduced first by the global pandemic, but what little could be done outside was virtually impossible after this fire. The burning smell of garbage was so putrid that no one could go outside even momentarily to catch up with neighbors returning from work.

During the early lockdown periods, I remembered that being outdoors and just not quarantined in my house was such a relief. It was an escape from the constant anxiety, fear, and frustration created from being isolated and confined. For me, being outside was a way to connect in a time of great disconnect. I just wanted to tell you what it was like as of now in the hopes that your time is not filled with fires, dramatic climate swings, and burning trash. I hope like me, you can enjoy the environment that surrounds you and that it does not pose any distress like we experienced during the pandemic and recently with the rapidly changing climate. I want to leave you with a reminder of what was like now. One of the simplest joys I remember over this horrible COVID-19 period was seeing a parachuter land in a nearby park as I was walking the dogs. It was just as things were beginning to look up as lockdowns were easing. The sense of liberation being able to see someone soar through the sky without fear of smoke, disaster, COVID-19, and just being outside was so relieving. I hope that you get to enjoy this as much as I did and express my gratitude for being able to experience this.



With love and optimism!
Emily Nagatomo



Dear neighbors of the future,

Hello! Above is a multimedia collage that I made to illustrate an activity that has defined my 21 years of life up to this point, snow and skiing. I hope that you will still know winter when you are reading this letter decades from now. I am optimistic that you will, however, the rate at which Earth is currently warming means that there is a slight chance you will not, depending on when you are reading this as well as what course humanity takes between the writing and reading of this letter. I've decided to depict snow and skiing for three reasons: in case they "go extinct," my personal connection with them, and their embodiment of the contradictions in my life as an environmentalist in this day and age.

Snow is defined as precipitation in the form of small white ice crystals formed directly from the water vapor of the air at freezing temperatures. There are many different kinds of snow such as fluffy weightless flakes (champagne snow,) wet slushy drops (Sierra cement,) and hard crunchy pellets (corn snow.) People say that no two snowflakes are alike. Each is intricately beautiful and they gather together to coat the earth in a white blanket. As I write this, I am looking out the window of a coffee shop in Middlebury, Vermont and the trees outside are covered in snow. It's so beautiful. I just got back from skiing, an outdoor activity dependent on the existence of snow. I strap my feet to two planks of wood covered in fiberglass and carbon called "skis." With these skis, I glide down a mountain covered in snow. I get back up the mountain by riding something called a "lift" which is a chair suspended in air and moved along a metal rope powered by an electric motor. I can also get back up the mountain by hiking in your boots or by strapping "skins" covered with tiny grippy hairs on the bottom of your skis.

I feel so free whilst skiing. The combination of athleticism and technique requires all of my focus and other worries fall behind with the wind that whips my face. Without fail, skiing always puts me in the best mood: I can connect with nature, leave my stress behind, and just *be*. Many people love snow and skiing, but I have a unique emotional attachment to it. I'm from Colorado, the country's best skiing state, and attend college in Vermont, the East Coast skiing capital. I grew up skiing every Saturday and Sunday in the winter with my family at mountains that became my second home. My college has its own ski hill, the Snow Bowl, which is famous for its consistently good snow and amazing energy. My friends and I spend almost every winter weekend skiing at the Bowl. Recently, I have acquired the tools and knowledge necessary to do backcountry skiing, which has allowed me to explore the pristine woods and mountains of Colorado and Vermont covered in fresh snow. These secluded mountains provided a safe haven during the global pandemic that has consumed our collective consciousness for the past two years.

However, my positive relationship with skiing is fraught with contradictions. This paradoxical situation accurately exemplifies my current positionality in regards to social and environmental justice. Resorts, designated and commodified areas for skiing, are bad for the environment because the lifts and the snowmakers are incredibly energy-intensive. I feel guilty for my participation in this activity that is not good for the environment, which also includes my gas-guzzling travel to ski areas. However, my love for and dependence on cold weather makes me a more passionate environmentalist. The NGO Protect Our Winters embodies this stance well. Their call to action is: "Use your passion for the outdoors to protect it." What's more, the extensive gear required for skiing, lift tickets, and travel make skiing an expensive and inaccessible activity for large swaths of the population even if they live in winter ecosystems. Therefore, it is a problematic and privileged way to connect with the outdoors. It also perpetuates the troublesome idea that certain environments are more worth protecting or saving than others.

It is now up to me to grapple with these contradictions, which exist at every level of my life and activism. I hope my art and letter are an illuminating glimpse into life, particularly mine, in the first decades of the 21st century. However, I hope that you will still know the joys of winter. According to influential environmental justice advocate Rebecca Solnit, this hope means envisioning a future in which you the reader know snow, which invites, even demands, that I act to realize this desire. I will use my hope as my power, acting so that you can know snowflakes and skiing as a broader signifier as a climate victory. Here's to hoping!

Your friend,
Cecilia Needham



Dear Time Capsule Finder,

I have included some of what I feel were the most important front pages from the 2021 publications of *Time Magazine*. For context:

Top left: Image of George Floyd, a black man who was murdered by the police in Minneapolis, MN in 2020. His death sparked global protests against police brutality and for Black Lives Matter.

Top right: Image of the U.S. Capital under attack by supporters of former President Trump, white supremacists, and neo-Nazis. They were protesting the congressional counting of electoral ballots that assured Joe Biden's victory as President in a *fair* and *democratic* election. This image is specifically of the Capital Police having a standoff with the rioters within the House Chamber.

Bottom left: Visual representation of the dire nature of the climate crisis and the rampant wildfires that have been ravaging the warmer regions of the world. If you still have Google in the future, I implore you to search for images of the west coast summer 2021 wildfires. It's horrifying.

Bottom right: Visual representation of the social polarization within American society. This cover art is specifically pointing to the divided opinions on "critical race theory" or what conservatives are painting as "indoctrination" or "anti-American ideology".

This obviously paints a dire picture of 2021. This year was messy, polarizing, violent, and at times everything was literally going up in flames. That being said (and maybe it's just because I'm a relatively optimistic 20-year-old college student), the horrors of this year have not made us cower and become apathetic. They have not made us throw in the towel and call it quits. We have not resorted to hopelessness. Instead, those identifying as activists of all ages, nationalities, races, ethnicities, and religions are still fighting to save humanity. To make this world not just livable, but full of equality and joy. From the marches for climate justice in Germany, where thousands of young people raised their voices, to the inauguration of the first woman of color to the second highest office in America, to continual grassroots mobilization efforts of groups like Black Lives Matter. We are seeing the current events and choosing to reject them as acceptable. I don't know if our efforts will succeed. I don't know how many are in vain and what the outcomes will be. All I can do is hope that we made some sort of impact. As you read these time capsule mementos from 100 years in the past, I hope that we succeeded in not allowing greedy self-serving corporations to continue to toxify your world. I hope that you are living in a world that is significantly more equitable, ethical, responsible, and understanding. I hope that we did not fail you.

We are trying our best.

To whoever may stumble upon this time capsule, I truly cannot imagine the circumstances under which you will be viewing it. Therefore, I hope to help paint a picture of what life is like now, at the conclusion of 2021, a full century before. 2021 has been all about striving for some sense of normalcy, of what life was like before all the craziness. What is ‘the craziness’? The craziness is a raging pandemic called COVID-19 that claimed the lives of thousands, requiring social isolation and lockdowns to avoid the spread of the highly contagious virus that produced deadly consequences for many elderly and immunocompromised individuals. Being a college student in COVID-19 has been difficult– I had to leave campus to pursue remote learning in March 2020 and things are still shaky even now in December 2021 (months after the vaccine).

Politically, the pandemic and a right-wing nationalist president surely gripped the American psyche and threw us off track for the past few years. And now, with the worst of COVID-19 behind us and a pretty establishment president, many feel some relief that we have returned to the status quo. However, normalcy and ordinary actions may be the last thing that we ought to be striving for. As I think about the future (the next 20, 50, and even 100 years), remaining on our present course, I truly cannot fathom what is in store for planet Earth. Will floods and hurricanes destroy the beautiful beaches I grew up vacationing on? Will mass droughts destroy farmland and cause severe food shortages? Will there be social upheaval and violence due to limited resources and more displaced people? If I had to guess, I would assume all of these speculations will soon become realities. Given whatever sense of normalcy we may feel now, we need to be striving for real, structural change if we have any chance of preventing what’s to come.

However, the larger questions lie in what structural change looks like and what is preventing us from achieving it. Based upon this class, Environmental Justice and the Anthropocene, and from watching the political scene unravel around me, it feels like society suffers from a lack of imagination. An inability to look to ways of life beyond a capitalist, extractivist, individualist system.

After being exposed to different ideologies and ways of thought from this course and other experiences, I truly believe that looking towards indigenous practices and knowledge may be one of the few ways to ‘save us’. By save, I mean learn to live in a new way focused on preservation as opposed to continual growth, extraction, and exploitation.

One source that I have looked to for inspiration is the Bhagavad Gita. Growing up in a Hindu family, verses from the Gita have always been familiar to me as old sayings and wisdom from my grandparents. I was able to revisit the Bhagavad Gita and think about its connections to nature and preservation last spring, in a class called Sustainability from the Roots Up. I even learned that the Bhagavad Gita inspired Middlebury College’s Energy 2028 plan, which aims to fully fuel campus through renewable energy and cut fossil fuels from our endowment (if only you could let us know how we did). Rereading the Bhagavad Gita while trying to rethink

harmony between humans and nature was a transformative experience for me. In light of this, I will leave you with one verse that I revisited last spring that my grandmother had read to me many times as a child:

“I shall now explain the knowable, knowing which you will taste the eternal. Brahman, the spirit, beginningless and subordinate to Me, lies beyond the cause and the effect of this material world”
(Bhagavad Gita, 13:13)

As I close out my reflection, I can only hope that you are discovering this in a new world. A new world that embraced a path toward radical imagination and unknowingness. A path that harnessed the knowledge of our ancestors. A path that embraced the human spirit and understood the need for reciprocity, reparations, and a renewed relationship with our natural world.

Love,
Rati Saini

P.S. I attached a picture of my grandparents, whose endless knowledge has taught me to look back before looking forward



Dear Future Students of Middlebury, or whoever this may concern:

Hi. My name is Isabel Scal, and I'm about to show you a little slice of life in the year 2021. As you may know from other entries in this time capsule, I am in a course titled "Environmental Justice in the Anthropocene." Do these words have any meaning to you? Is this an outdated concept that has taken on new forms? Whatever the case may be, my mission is to show you a very distilled version of my brain space during the months since the Covid-19 pandemic began, and what has crystalized for me during the few months in this class where I have been surrounded by new thoughts and ideas surrounding how I live and my impact on the world. Let me preface by saying that who I am is not necessarily the point, but rather the idea that you can learn about this moment in time by getting to know me. I bet the world looks pretty unimaginable by this point, so I won't go into questioning if anything I say is recognizable to you—the details may be different, but I hope that the core of what I am passing along is still keenly felt. For this time capsule, I have put together two collages (pictured below) that are visually distinct but inseparable in meaning. I have overlayed images, blending together movements and feelings that are themselves overlapping and indistinct.

The first panel is a bird's eye view of my world, the problems that plague citizens of the world and permeate every aspect of life. They are not always conscious thoughts; that is the privilege I hold as a white woman in America. However, whether or not I'm thinking about these aspects of life they continue to exist. These are the systems that bind us and the consequences of history—that how I view the present. Inequality is the foundation of American society; thus, I have chosen an image of the historic March on Washington in 1963 as my background to which all images are superimposed. The focal point of the panel is the intersection of two streets: one of a Black Lives Matter mural on a street in Brooklyn, NY and the other of a climate activism mural in my home city of San Francisco, CA. They follow the trope of a "crossroads;" they capture the feeling of being on the precipice of history and trying to find the right path to take. These streets also visually represent the intersectionality of major issues: our rapidly changing climate and the systemic racism that are both calling on younger generations of the world to address. A San Francisco mural of youth climate activist Greta Thunberg can be seen in the bottom left, and masked healthcare worker is shown in the top right. The Covid-19 pandemic has impacted the world in numerous ways, but you already knew that. What I'm trying to show outside of the generic history is the people who sacrificed their lives to help people in need—the everyday heroes that have been the heartbeat of our world the past two years. There is a homemade cardboard sign thanking them, and alongside that are signs at a climate protest in the nation's capital. To focus your attention to the top right, there is the print "representation matters" that is on my wall at Middlebury. There is the cover of a book we read in this course by Rebecca Solnit, one I actually had on my bookshelf and was gifted to me by a close friend that I never had the opportunity to read until it was on my syllabus. This is a very limited selection of the issues that I wish I could change overnight, but instead continue to swirl around in my head and can simultaneously spark inspired action and intensely immobilizing existential dread. One similarity among all these images is that they are man-made: they are individual and collective responses to these issues in our world.

The second panel demonstrates how I cope and how I have continued to live in a world that is so beyond my control. The background is a series of images that I have taken in the past year of

places I have been while taking a semester off from Middlebury. Some of these are from a spontaneous road trip with friends (Bryce Canyon National Park, Arches National Park, Sedona, Arizona), and others are of the Golden Gate Bridge and the panoramic view from Bolinas-Fairfax Ridge closer to home. Included is the Oceanside, CA beach where I raced my friends to see the sunset many times in Spring of 2021. In the middle of this panel is my collection of postcards above my desk; they remind me who I am and what my values are. They are little pieces of me, all assembled to form an “inspiration board” of sorts. I have also included images of my friends, the people who have been by my side. The girls on the beach are the ones who took a leap of faith with me and moved in together during a time of uncertainty, away from the structure of school or family. The picture on top is at White Sands National Park, where I felt like I was walking on the moon—and then we came across a U.S. military nuclear test site (*sigh*). At right are some of my friends at Middlebury pictured at the top of Snake Mountain in early fall 2021. And bottom right is the unreliable (stick-shift!) car that took me to parts of this country I had never been before and served as a sandwich-making station on the side of a highway in western Texas. The logo of Riddim World Dance Troupe in the bottom right represents the people who have moved me and taught me about the world, who have shared movement with me, and have sustained me through the connection of dance. “Stand together” is from a homemade sign for a June 2020 protest against police brutality (pictured bottom center) after the recent murder of George Floyd and Breonna Taylor, among others. Of note: this was the first time I had left my house to go to a public place/gathering since the beginning of the pandemic in March 2020. More recent additions to the ways in which I navigate the world include YikYak in the bottom right as well as this candle that perfectly encapsulates the smell of home, aptly named “Northern California: homesick.” These are some of the tidbits of my life that keep me going, that make me hopeful for the future and the possibilities of thriving and surviving in the days, weeks, months, and years to come.

What do these two panels have in common, you ask? They are the potential of human connection and collective action to enact change. In the midst of all the issues that seem so smothering, *humans* have found ways to live and make change in inspiring ways. Humans are the problem but also the *solution*. As Rebecca Solnit says: it is important to “recognize the radical possibilities that can be built on an alternative view of human nature...something more communal, cooperative, and compassionate.” There *is* hope, because otherwise what would we have to live for? For all that will be told about this moment in your history books, I wish to instill in you a deep understanding of the power of human nature and the individuals who took agency to shape their present and their future.

What will **you** choose to do with this information?



NYC with just a hint of
Vermont (Fall 2021)



Vermont (Fall 2021)

The two images on the top right corner of the page
before this are also of Vermont in Fall 2021

NYC (Summer 2021)



To whoever opens this,

Hello! My name is Tinglin Shi (I go by Ting), and I am a Senior Neuroscience major. At the moment, Neuroscience is still a relatively new field- I wonder how much we will learn within the next century! Perhaps we will finally discover a way to treat dementia? I digress though...

it is currently December 7th, 2021. The end of the semester is fast-approaching, as is the end of my time at Middlebury. It definitely has not felt like 4 years (especially during times of the COVID-19 pandemic), and I feel like I'm being thrust into a foreign world- the *professional world*. What a time. It's snowing outside, and I eagerly wait for J-term (hopefully you guys still have that) when I can snowboard down the slopes of the Middlebury Snow Bowl. Meanwhile, I still have 3 essays to write.

How will Middlebury look like in 100 years? Will we actually give land reparations to the Abenaki people, or will we continue giving those hollow words of "acknowledgement"? The college is overenrolled by a couple hundred people due to COVID, and Middlebury has forced some Juniors to live off-campus. I wonder how this bodes with the future of the college- will Middlebury decide to construct more dorms? More lecture halls? Perhaps we'll have a *Tricentennial Hall*! Maybe we'll have so many students that we won't even be considered a small college anymore. Midd State? All I can say is that right now, we have a lot of undeveloped land. A lot of land behind the field house is reserved for sports: golf, football, field hockey, baseball, lacrosse, etc. And behind Ross and Bihall, we have "The Knoll": a beautiful little field with student-grown crops, a stone maze, part of the TAM trail, and a rock (touched by the Dalai Lama!).

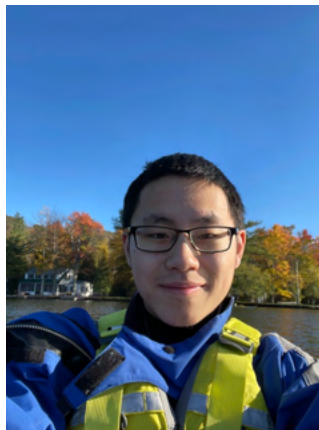
Middlebury is so beautiful. The stereotypical Northeastern bucolic rural landscape you see in the movies. An idyllic landscape, framed by the majestic Green Mountains. The air is clean and crisp (although sometime a random tailwind brings over the smell of cow manure); the water, fresh and clear. Straight out of a storybook. I hope that you will also be able to enjoy that same sense of awe.

I believe that at this moment, the world is approaching a crossroads of sorts, particularly with the surge of environmentalism entering the public eye. Environmental movements are nothing new; what is different is what I call, "The Environmental Justice movement": an intersection of both social and environmental causes tackling disparities caused by an intrinsically imbalanced system. Year by year, the desperation to address climate change grows. At the moment, global CO₂ levels are at 415 ppm. Even with initiatives to cutback carbon emissions, it's projected to eclipse 670 ppm by 2100. I shudder to think what will happen then. What will happen to coastal cities, our flora/fauna biodiversity, our agricultural output, our lives?

Something big is going to go down soon, I feel it. And if you are reading this, then hopefully it worked! I wish I could give you advice or lessons of the past, but I don't believe myself to be capable enough to do that. All I ask is for you to remember history, and not to follow the mistakes of my generation (whatever you interpret that to be).

Thanks for reading, and I sincerely wish you the best of luck!

Tinglin Shi
Class of '22

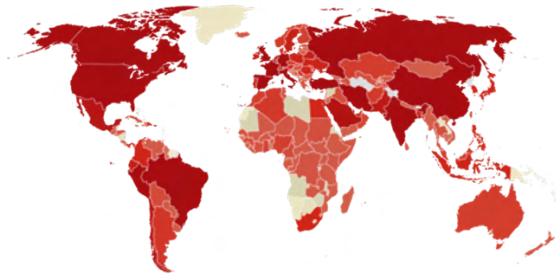


Me!

Some of the Sights of 2021



With unprecedented accessibility to social media and news media outlets, political polarization has never been higher. This photo depicts the events of the January 6th insurrection against the U.S. capitol, which was an attempt to reinstate Donald Trump as president after the results of the 2020 election.



This map illustrates the global spread of COVID19, a version of the coronavirus. If you would've told me the U.S. would struggle with a virus similar to the common cold in 2020, I would've laughed in your face. Not so funny now. It's been 2 years since it's reached the U.S., and we're still dealing with new variants (now on Omicron). Coinciding with the pandemic is the rise of the anti-vaccination movement, which has hampered the public health response. Only time will tell how long we will endure this pandemic.



It's the era of superstonks, NFTs, and bitcoin. The recent surge of cryptocurrency has introduced a new source of unregulated monetary exchange. And with the mainstream support it has (particularly behind Elon Musk), I think that it is here to stay. Is that a good thing? I honestly don't know.



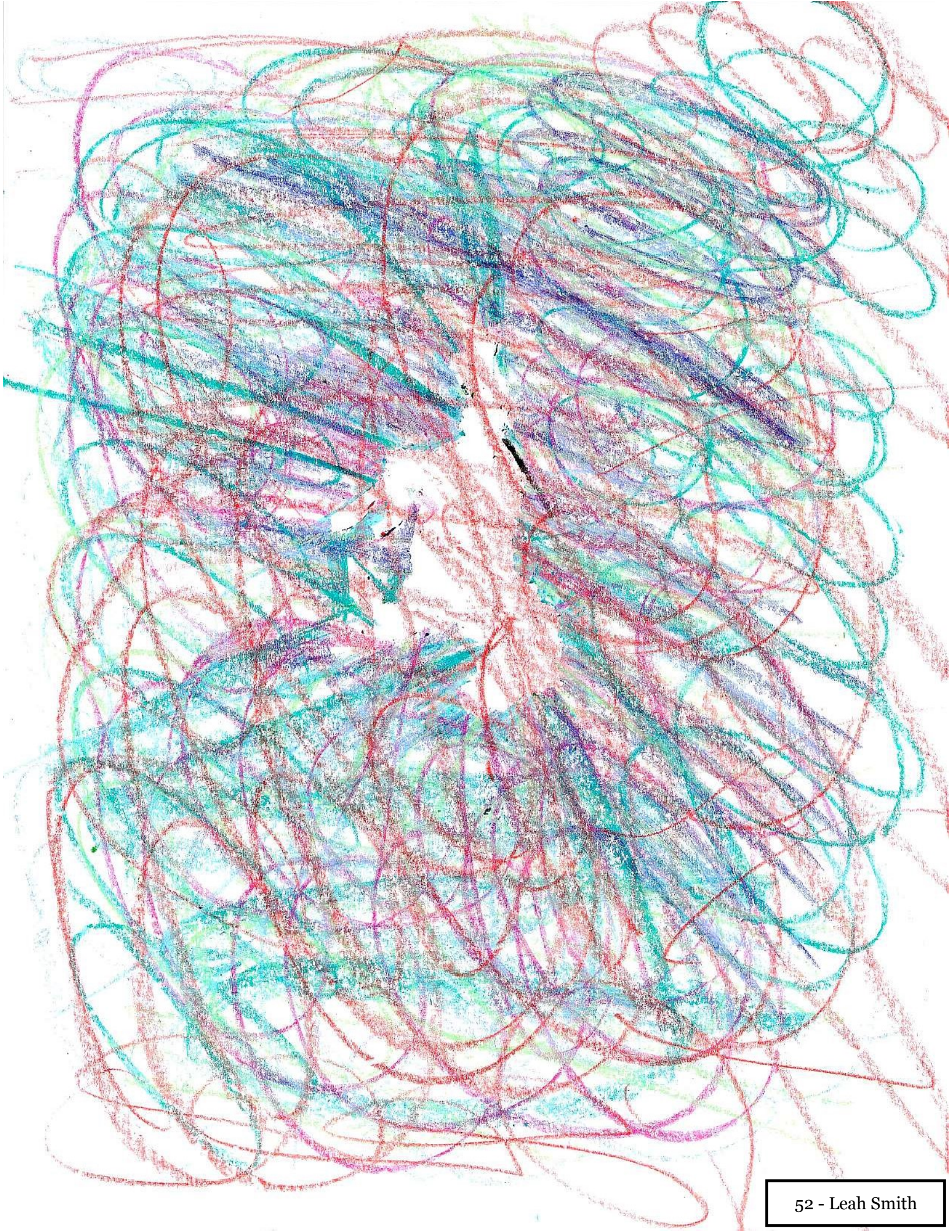
The Milwaukee Bucks won the NBA Finals, thanks in large part to their budding superstar, Giannis Antetokounmpo! More of a big moment for me personally, because I'm a huge fan of the Bucks!



Right outside the Batell Building



Picture of Lake Dunmore





Emmanuel Tamrat
December 2021

Dear reader,

I encourage you to think about the land you're standing on right now. 20 years ago, it was nothing more than an unused swath of the several thousand acres of land that the college owns. Today, known as The Knoll, it serves as an organic farm and recreational outlet for Middlebury students and community members. Tomorrow, it will retain the collection of letters from which you have found this.

I regularly find myself here for any manner of purposes. I currently visit The Knoll once a week for another class of mine – The Perennial Turn – where I contemplate and ponder about the more-than-human relationships that are present in my life. I appreciate the fact that, at least throughout my time as a student at Middlebury, this landscape remains virtually unchanged from the day I first set eyes on it in September 2018. Its steadfast presence helps me feel grounded at a time when everything in my life that's supposed to stay the same seems to be changing, when the next day or week faces me up against a challenge that initially appears insurmountable.

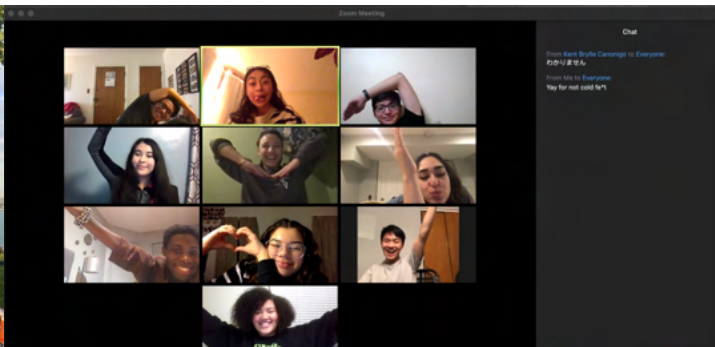
It's easy for me to become disillusioned with institutions like Middlebury and the world at large. Even as I seek refuge at the Knoll, I find myself perplexed by the contradictory nature of my presence here given the Abenaki tribe's claim to this land. Yet at the same time I'm grateful to have convenient access to such a marvelous open space, something I can't access as easily in my suburban home community in Northern Virginia.

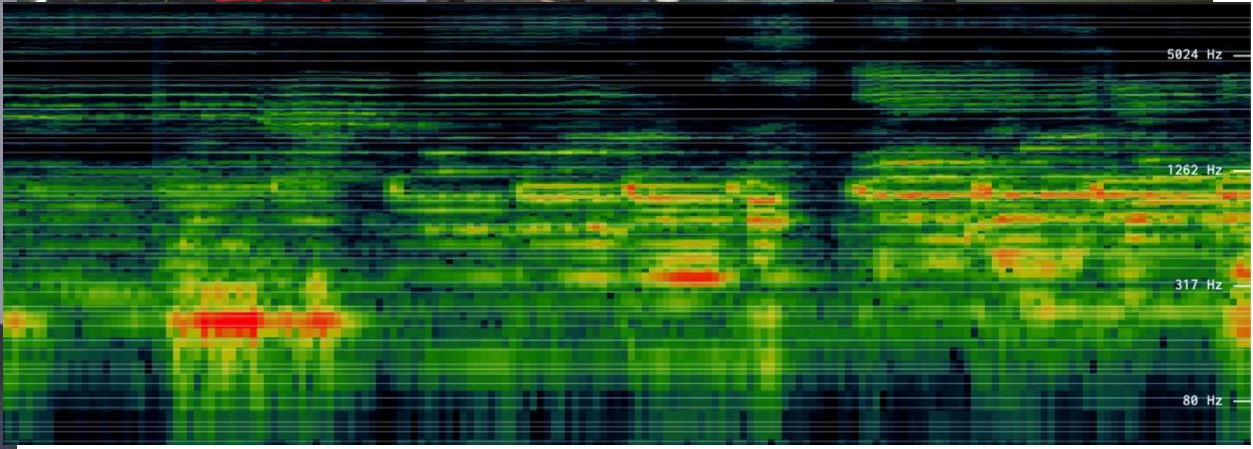
With this letter, I've included three of my favourite moments from me at the Knoll, captured in photographic form. The third photo is especially important to me – taken during a chilly evening in August 2020, I set my camera on a tripod with the goal of capturing the stars in the clear sky. It was my first time practicing star-trail photography, and the wind nearly knocked over my camera a few times, but I ventured out of my comfort zone and pushed the technical limits of my camera's capabilities. It was transformative moment in my journey as a photographer.

Even though the Knoll itself has stayed the same over these past few years, my photography has helped me come to recognize and appreciate different aspects of it, especially through changes in sunlight and seasons. In writing this letter to you, I thought about permanence and how I could best share with you a place that's full of meaning to me. I hope this letter encourages you to explore this place, discover what it means to you, and consider how that may change from the time you read this to another point in the future.

Yours truly,
Emmanuel Tamrat







Search

STAT

The Omicron variant can likely outcompete Delta — and that could worsen the U.S. COVID epidemic

10m ago

BREAKING

THE TEXAS TRIBUNE

SCOTUS lets enforcement of Texas abortion law continue but allows legal challenges to pr...

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TIME

Julian Assange can be extradited to the U.S., British High Court rules

10m ago

Intelligencer

Here's what you can blame for everything being so expensive

9:48 AM
9:50 AM
9:52 AM

The Washington Post

Many parents of school shooters ignore glaring warning signs. This grandmother didn't.

10m ago · John Woodrow Cox, Mark Berman, a...

~~Remember~~

Remember:
Don't keep your love in your pocket
You have so much to contribute.
You are worthy.
Protect your energy.
Much Love,
Miracle Tapia

Letter to myself from 2020

26-Mayo-2018
Querida Miracle

Deseo que estes maravillosamente bien.
Quiero aprovechar esta oportunidad para reiterarte lo orgullosa que me siento de que seas mi hija, sin duda alguna se que eres una personita maravillosa y que el paso por este mundo sera extraordinario.

Carta de Mamá- 2018

The change That I've Experienced In my lifetime I wear like a Heavy cloak, With many Pockets (obviously), of family Heirlooms. Except the pockets aren't full of pearl necklaces or heartloquets but they are economic regression, pandemics, global warming, unexpected death,

I am grateful for the way I have felt supported and capable of growing despite these conditions. Because resilience and adaptability are not measurements of character but dependent on existing power structures and privilege.

I've learned to tell people how I feel. To vulnerably set my heart and soul on the table because I know how quickly the rug can be pulled from under you. Do you wonder what people think of you? My advice, ask that question. Don't bite your tongue. Be able to believe in what you say.

Though it might be cheesy my life feels like a scrapbook of love. My activism and my hope is driven by the numerous encounters with love I have experienced. People that have helped tailor that cloak to me so it doesn't sag and help me wear it confidently. Even when considering the letter to the future, and writing to my (potential children) why I would not have them, I wrote it out of love. I explained to them the joys and hardships of being a part of a big family and the support, community and shared wealth of memories, knowledge and culture. As I wrote the letter to the children I had convinced myself I wouldn't have I realized that I was saddened that they would not be able to experience this. I went back and forth between the answers "yes" and "no"

I also learned that

People that I consider family. This time capsule is a time capsule of those moments of love.

Some clearly show moments of love through smiles and heart symbols. Others like the snapshot of sound waves are supposed to depict undertones and actions of love. The soundwaves are a recording of my friend laughing

At the time of recording this Middlebury Campus is at a moment before the waterfall. The new presence of Covid-19 on campus and the development of the new variant omicron fill me with new stress, anxiety. Knowing that I have to pack, get to the airport, get home safely (not spread covid), finish classes and finals. I am a spurred horse because while still recovering from a flu getting good grades is my top priority. But less so than before, I am learning to put my health first, if slowly. Nevertheless, I am comforted to know that even though the circumstances are different, I have experienced rapid change and h

I cannot shake the intense awareness of the interconnected systems that have created "the powerful" and "the oppressed".

. What do you have to say? How do you imagine your audience? What do you think they would want to know -- about you, about us, about this moment? What feelings do you wish to share? What is worth remembering? What lessons should you try to relay?

In the year 2121 I would like to imagine a generation of young adults to open this capsule with significantly less anxiety, stress than I experience as a young adult. I hope that they are not dressage horses waiting for the next spur to hit their sides. I imagine them being able to breathe the air, see the season changes, source locally, and share those resources based on an agreed upon social contract. I also imagine that they have their own goals and probably think that our generation, though I think we are pretty radical, did not push for enough reparation and change. I don't imagine a utopia because that would mean that humanity has given up on changing for the better, and there will always be something to improve. But I hope that even amidst their hard-work and stress that they find time to be and simply exist with the people, things, places that they love.

In wondering about how to compile virtual things to put in the time capsule I still wanted to show different media that could be interpreted across time and without depending on specific knowledge. I would prefer if the message that I send out could be received by anyone that would encounter it. Therefore most of my two pages are filled with pictures that hopefully show moments of love. Through this class I realized that I care about the climate crisis because it affects people I love, will love, the people that those people love and so on. It is that love that drives my hope for a better future and that believes that we can implement the necessary policies and hold the companies that have already done damage accountable. Lurie Penny said, “**Eventually, probably not today, you feel better, or different. That’s what hope is. That’s it”**

And despite being overwhelmed by headlines about “market crashes”, “covid-19”, the ongoing legal battles regarding people's human rights, bodily autonomy, mass shootings, grades, gpa, college, there were still many moments of love. I am grateful for the way I have felt supported and capable of growing despite these conditions. Because resilience and adaptability are not measurements of character but dependent on existing power structures and privilege.

Though it might be cheesy, my life feels like a scrapbook of love. My activism and my hope is driven by the numerous encounters with love I have experienced. People that have helped bear the weight of my stresses and that tomorrow held even better possibilities. . when writing to my (potential children) why I would not have them, I wrote it out of love. I explained to them the joys and hardships of being a part of a big family and the support, community and shared wealth of memories, knowledge and culture. As I wrote the letter to the children I had convinced myself I wouldn't have, I realized that I was saddened that they would

not be able to experience this. I went back and forth between the answers “yes” and “no” because I already loved the idea of them too much to subject them to an unjust, extractionist world. I came to the conclusion that if I am able to see advancement towards a world that values connections, experiences and rest rather than production and wealth I would reconsider having children.

I also learned that family and love come in different shapes. In this time capsule Some clearly show moments of love through smiles and heart symbols. Others like the snapshot of sound waves are supposed to depict undertones and actions of love. The sound waves are a recording of my friend laughing and saying “wash your hands” because at the height of the covid 19 pandemic that is a reminder to stay safe, a reminder of love. The other spectrogram of sound waves captures the intensity of the sound because it is a second of a friend playing *BOYISH* by Japanese Breakfast on the guitar in the PALANA living room. PALANA has been a place that has felt like home on this campus. There has not been much normalcy in the past two years, but music has been a constant thing that I hope future people will be able to see that these people were able to grasp and hold onto love and be resilient.

At the time of recording this Middlebury Campus is at a moment before the waterfall. The new presence of Covid-19 on campus and the development of the new variant omicron fill me with new stress, anxiety. Knowing that I have to pack, get to the airport, get home safely (not spread covid), finish classes and finals. But slowly, I feel myself unlearning to be a dressage horse by putting my health, life experiences, and loved ones first and to remember that I am more than what I produce. I hope that whoever opens this time capsule will be able to glean into this moment in time, a transition from a completely late-stage capitalist view to a more connection oriented one.

CJ Thacker
12/6/2021

The world is in a moment of political, environmental, and epidemiological turmoil. Every year it seems like a new record is set for hottest day, biggest fire, and worst storm. I suspect these records will seem like good days by the time you are reading about them. Maybe not though. We could still turn this thing around. Every few months there is a new COVID variant threatening the lives of even more people who lack access to, or refuse to accept, the vaccine. War and colonization continue to plod on, along with the day-to-day violence of oppressive structures in supposedly peaceful nations. Despite all this cause for panic, I often feel weirdly calm. I understand that the world is terrible in so many ways. I also know that it will probably get worse before it gets better (if it even does get better). Still though I am in my last semester of college right now in a safe and privileged place. I have 7 hours of class time and one thesis left before I graduate. My relationships are stable and secure. I know that once I leave this little bubble, the realities of the world around me will start to feel much more acute. For now, I am going to just include a smattering of pictures that represent my mostly joyful life in this moment.



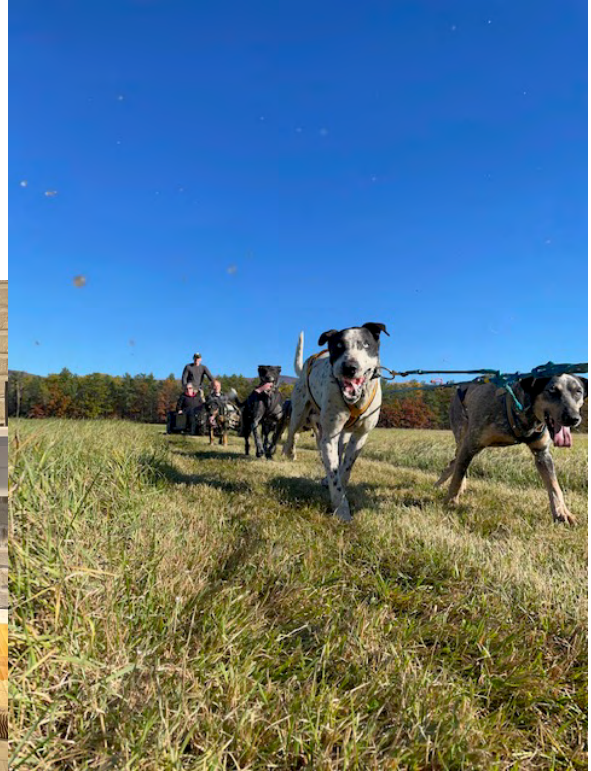
A cozy October cuddle puddle with pals.



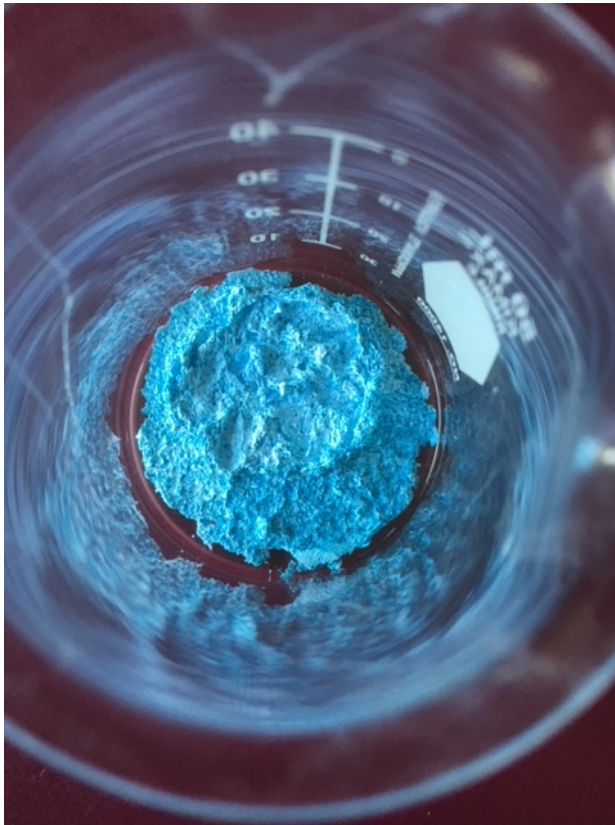
My last home rugby match.



A bad photo of my family that makes me smile.



A dryland cart ride (Tank and Churro in the front of the picture).



MOF-199.



The family dog napping in a homemade mask.

Ideas Lying Around

Emily Thompson

“Active Hope is not wishful thinking.

Active Hope is not waiting to be rescued . . .

by some savior.

*Active Hope is waking up to the beauty of life
on whose behalf we can act.*

We belong to this world.

The web of life is calling us forth at this time.

*We’ve come a long way and are here to play our
part.*

*With Active Hope we realize that there are
adventures in store,*

*strengths to discover, and comrades to link
arms with.*

*Active Hope is a readiness to discover the strengths
in ourselves and in others;*

*a readiness to discover the reasons for hope
and the occasions for love.*

*A readiness to discover the size and strength of our hearts,
our quickness of mind, our steadiness of purpose,
our own authority, our love for life,*

*the liveliness of our curiosity,
the unsuspected deep well of patience and diligence,
the keenness of our senses, and our capacity to lead.*

*None of these can be discovered in an armchair or
without risk.”*

— Joanna Macy & Chris Johnstone, Active Hope

Hokusai says look carefully

He says pay attention, notice.

He says keep looking, stay curious.

He says there is no end to seeing...

He says everything is alive-

Shells, buildings, people fish

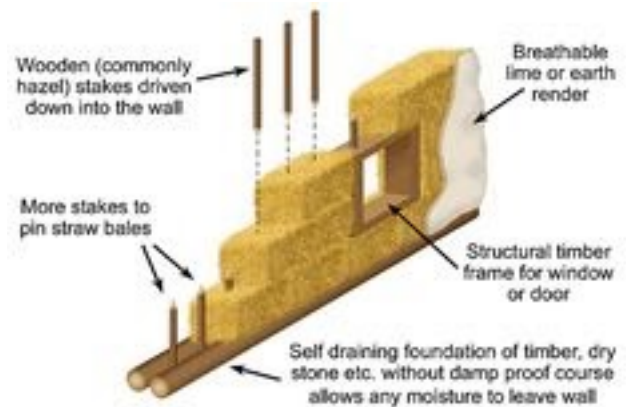
Mountains, trees. Wood is alive.

Water is alive.

Everything has its own life.

Everything lives inside us.

He says live with the world inside you...



Permaculture design principles (originally coming from the Aboriginal peoples of so-called Australia):

1. Observe and interact
2. Catch and store energy
3. Obtain a yield
4. Apply self-regulation and feedback
5. Use and value renewable energy
6. Produce no waste
7. Design from patterns to details
8. Integrate don't segregate
9. Use small, slow solutions
10. Use and value diversity
11. Use edges and value the marginal
12. Creatively use and respond to change

*It matters that you care.
It matters that you feel.
It matters that you notice.
It matters that life lives through you...*

*Look, feel, let life take you by the hand.
Let life live through you.
-Roger Keyes*

“But when the food does not come from a flock in the sky, when you don’t feel the warm feathers cool in your hand and know that a life has been given for yours, when there is no gratitude- that food may not satisfy. It may leave the spirit hungry while the belly is full.” -Robin Wall Kimmerer

“The more something is shared, the greater its value becomes.” -Robin Wall Kimmerer

“Becoming Indigenous to a place means living as if your children’s future mattered, to take care of the land as if our lives, both material and spiritual, depended on it.” -Robin Wall Kimmerer

“Grief can also be comforted by creation, by rebuilding the homeland that was taken.” -Robin Wall Kimmerer

“Hope is not prognostication. It is an orientation of the spirit, an orientation of the heart... Hope, in this deep and powerful sense, is not the same as joy that things are going well, or willingness to invest in enterprises that are obviously headed for early success, but, rather, an ability to work for something because it is good, not just because it stands a chance to succeed. The more unpropitious the situation in which we demonstrate hope, the deeper that hope is... ” It is also this hope, above all, which gives us the strength to live 20 and continually to try new things, even in conditions that seem as hopeless as ours do, here and now.” -Vaclav Havel

Emergent Strategy Principles by adrienne maree brown:

1. Small is good, small is all (The large is a reflection of the small)
2. Change is constant (Be like water)
3. There is always enough time for the right work. There is a conversation in the room that only these people at this moment can have. Find it.
4. Never a failure, always a lesson
5. Trust the People (If you trust the people, they become trustworthy)
6. Move at the speed of trust
7. Focus on critical connections more than critical mass—build the resilience by building the relationships
8. Less prep, more presence
9. What you pay attention to grows

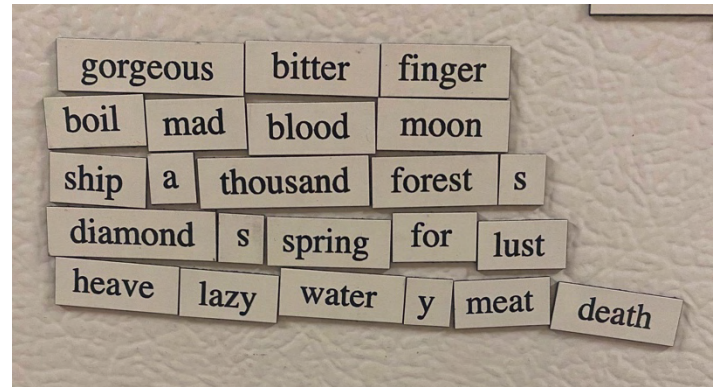
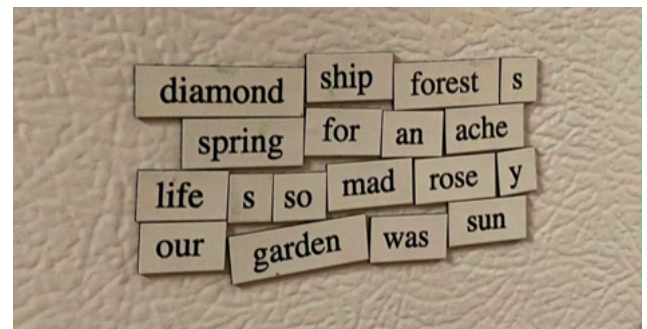
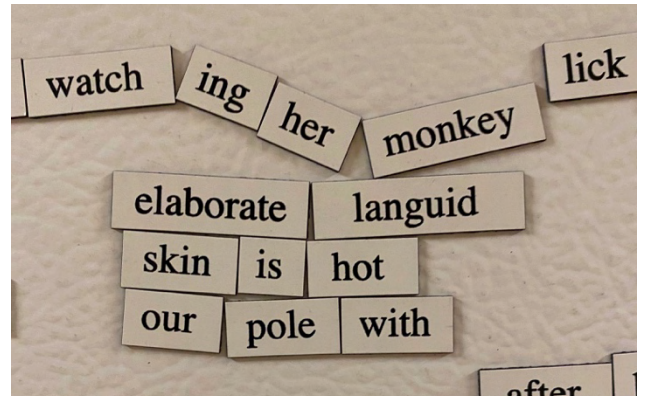
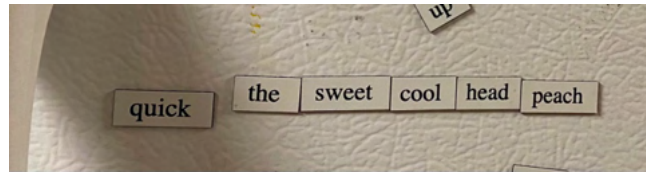
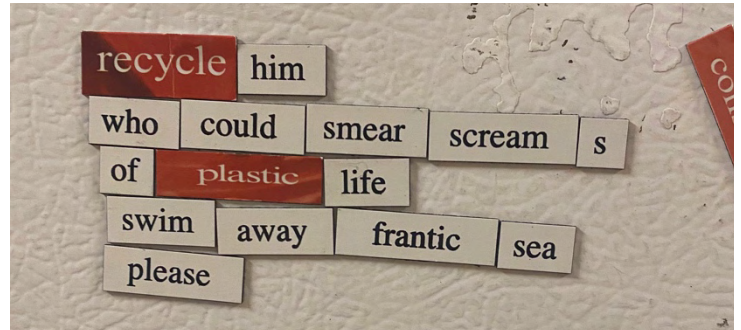
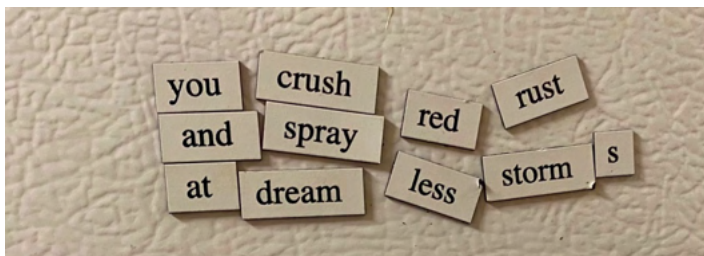
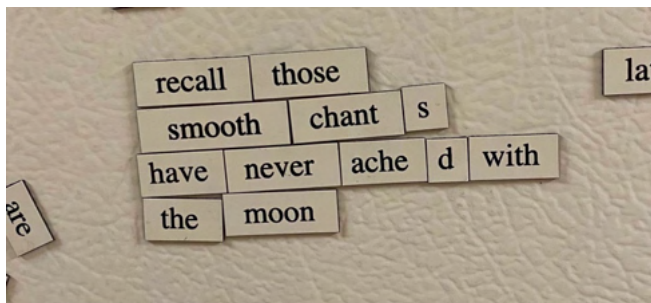
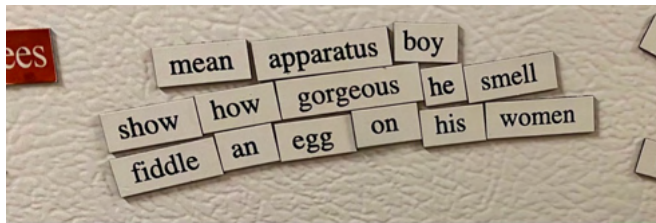
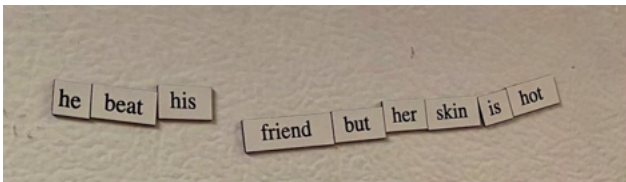
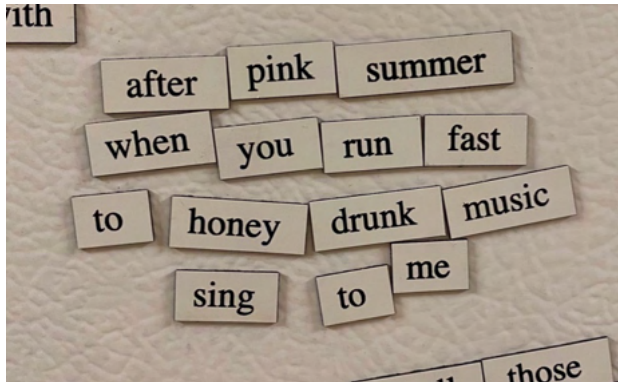
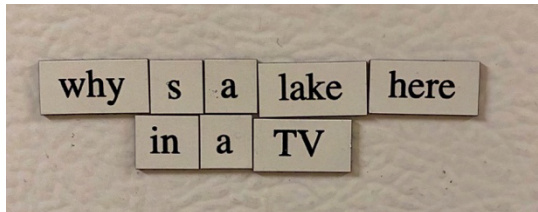
Whoever controls the media,
controls the mind.

Jim Morrison





Reusable (Community) Words



rip
trees

repulsive recycle center
death is tiny bed s
live to want suit s

time wind ed

spring together
recall
we rose
and beat power

sad
less
with
spring
sky

the
lust to soar
ache to was trees
blood diamond s

fluff dream shadow smear s
music monkey
power peach
sweet lazy skin
goddess scream
light lick
honey sing
frantic mother
languid hair
gorgeous smell
sun death
repulsive boil
love symphony
thousand lust
ugly rust
purple
p op
ask her
quick

please never push the arm through me
and the fiddle & red sea

you like the blow
can you like stop

trees and snowbowl life

ask her what
quick wind
still ed doesn't
use water

rip
reveal my repulsive mess

let time be beauty but better

December 9, 2021.

I am having a hard time articulating myself and the current world to you. Eliza Dameron (class of 2022) created this piece of art this week, an abstract attempt to demonstrate the isolation and fragmentation of the current moment and the fuzzy, hopeful potential of the future. (the future shows up even more in person—this picture doesn't quite capture it. Is that part of the metaphor? Who knows).

Now →



← Future?

Middlebury sent a full school email today, telling us we had 50 cases of COVID-19 on campus. We were told the rest of the semester would be online, and to depart early if possible. It feels a bit like March 2020 again, when we were sent home for the first time and this new phase of the world began—one of masks, distancing, and isolation, in order to protect our loved ones. (albeit this time, the existence of the pandemic seems a bit more certain). I am sitting in my suite with my roommate as I write this, our masks on and window open (it's snowing outside). We are on opposite sides of the room—just yesterday we felt comfortable just hugging. Have you ever felt scared to be in the same room with your friends? I hope not. Now we have scattered, hastily packing, finding rides to our various homes and asking parents to come get us. I am driving home to Virginia tomorrow, 11 hours on the road.

The current and the future both feel a bit like abstractions right now. In the midst of crises of climate and of justice, it's difficult to orient oneself towards what the future will look like, much less real, actionable, achievable goals that make change for a better future feel possible. What is the goal of this time capsule? What the heck will you care about in 100 years? 100 years in the future, do you want to know that even in the midst of a global pandemic and climate crisis, Essi's bunny (Toast) likes to steal apples from our backpacks? Or perhaps that Wynn has the most glorious singing voice in the world, or that the town of Middlebury looked like a Hallmark Christmas movie



last night, all lit up and carol-y (there were stands of hot cocoa, popcorn, and all sorts of homemade goods, and Ronnie's piano music drifted through the air. Do you know about Hallmark Christmas movies? Not the best quality movies, but you get all the warm fuzzies). I am sure you are aware of some of the other stuff, the battle for the soul of our nation, that even with President Biden's election in 2020, is still scarily tenuous. Women's rights to their own uterus are being stripped away, police abuse of black bodies runs rampant, and it is almost normal to hear about another mass shooting, in another public space, another death. We are simultaneously facing a rapidly warming earth, where those not creating the problems are dealing with the brunt of the consequences. Without drastic, immediate, and seemingly impossible change, the world's temperature will increase beyond human habitability. Already, millions of climate refugees are fleeing inhospitable conditions. Lives, livelihoods, and homes are destroyed by natural disasters. Sea levels are rising, engulfing islands and coastlines. But I guess you know all this. I guess you know this and more—you know if we are able to do it, to stop this tidal wave of catastrophe and loss.

I hope that by 2121, we have kept a grasp on democracy and reformed it, allowing for all individuals to vote and have a voice in this country. I hope that in a 100 years as you are reading this time capsule, we have begun to value the human life over capital gain. I hope that the bits of good in the isolated chaos of our current world take even greater prominence, like Greta Thunberg's campaign against business-as-usual in the face of the climate crisis, and indigenous campaigns like Idle No More. Know that we don't just hope--we (I) *will* keep working towards a better future.

I hope you bear witness to the future we want to create.

Much love and hope,
Katherine (Katie) La'akea Waters

ME!
(hiding:)



Where you see wrong or inequality or injustice, speak out, because this is your country. This is your democracy. Make it. Protect it. Pass it on. -Thurgood Marshall



View towards Knoll (on right), circa Fall 2021.



Emma Ramirez Richer (2022), Jack Cornish (2022), Shelby (Emma's dog), Panther, in front of Middlebury Chapel 2020.



Essi Wunderman (2022) and Eliza Dameron (2022) at Knoll, freshly picked flowers, Fall 2021.

December 12th, 2021

Greetings from the past,

As I was looking for things to include in our time capsule, to encapsulate the present, I was inspired by the following quote, which my father wrote in his journal during his senior year of high school:

“Love will never be lost, for it will live in the spirit of those who died for it.” — Garrett William Wyman (c. 1987)

These words inspire in me a feeling of warmth, security, and love. I only rediscovered this quote a few weeks ago, and it was the first time where I was able to appreciate the weight they carry more fully. In our current time of 2021, many parts of the world feel rather hopeless. As a budding adult of 19, it is often hard to imagine the way I can make a lasting impression upon the world to make it a better place. The climate crisis, political conflict, racial injustice, and capitalist systems, which make up our current events, limit my ability to believe that the world can improve.

When I look at my father’s quote, it gives me the hope that often evades me. Love is one thing which I believe instills passion and spirit among humans. Personally, the idea of having children makes me want to improve the world, as I have a lot of love for my family and want the people closest to me to have a happy and healthy life.

Rediscovering this quote also helped to notice many small, beautiful things in my day to day life. Below, I have included a picture of a ladybug which landed on my sleeve at school, and a picture of Otter Creek in Middlebury, VT that I took while I was running. I took both of these pictures during seemingly small moments, but they were so beautiful that they inspired within me a powerful feeling of hope for the world.

When this time capsule is opened, I will have passed on, and my life will be a collection of memories and the things I leave behind. I trust that the hope and love I currently feel will still be palpable, and will inspire other people in my life. It will live on in their spirit, as well as mine.

With love and hope for the future,

Annabelle Wyman (age 19)

Lover of the outdoors, skiing, ice hockey, dogs, black raspberry ice cream, and family.



Hopefully these pictures help capture what day-to-day life was like in 2021 for me. A snapshot of life for someone constantly thinking about climate change and the state of the world and people and beings. And who also spends time having fun and finding and creating joy while trying to be engaged, responsible, and focused on others. A person who deeply cares for so many people and has hope and excitement to minimize the suffering in this world. It feels as if we're constantly on the precipice of widespread and transformational change. This is a moment that needs to be grasped. Hopefully this gives a glimpse as to what life was like during what you now maybe see as part of massive change that reshaped the world. – Kamryn You Mak, December 2021



This is a picture of a collage that I made, attempting to capture both my headspace and physical life, layered upon each other. There's a digital collage of headlines, graphs, maps, memes relating to the many things that consume my thoughts and that I understand as issues in the world. There's climate change, the covid-19 pandemic, racism, the patriarchy and womxn's rights, capitalism, wealth inequality, so much more. The pictures of people are physically printed out, taped to a white wall with the issues of the world projected onto them. These pictures encapsulate what brings me joy and how I spend my days. There's friends, family, outdoor rec, sports, conservation, environmental education, working to make the outdoors more inclusive. The big scary issues sometimes feel far-off and not present in everyday life (because of my privilege and disavowal) while a friend can be seen in front of me and held. But the line between projection and systemic, overwhelming disaster and present life trying to make meaning and find joy is blurry and should be.

I've kept a consistent journal since the summer of 2019. These are pictures of an entry from December 3, 2021. I think this captures some fairly typical days for me at this time, attempting to find joy, create meaning, and shape the life I want to live. I go to classes, practice, work—often focused on the present while at the same time knowing that there's so much to do to make the world better for others. It's sometimes hard to navigate what's expected of me, what I think I should do, what makes me happy, what I think is important, and what I think will make others thrive. Here's a glimpse into the mind and life of a 20 year old, Chinese-American gal, born and raised in San Francisco, CA, now in school in Middlebury, VT.

Proc Friday DATE 12/3/21

After class went to milcrest briefly. Then brocker + changed + went climbing. Kara had a big project to do = Eliza, miumh, Rachel there though. Very quiet if it was nice. Got hard rock hotel. A hally. Winters vi + on the creek. Then dinner. Joined go to. At her transfer chn lot. Wit. Vane, Alton. Then to others. Aw coz + with a free! Fun. Piza, rose bud thom, and secret gift exchange! Aw. Raymond gave me quizes, popcorn, chocolate, and lotion. Aw scoutz. Everything I said. Gave Christine this mangoes + tapers and a little watercolor + colored pencil landscape. Last meeting = Sudd. Bine everyone. Nao wanted to be real friends w/ Ivonne + amun. Then laborce lib for hu. Beale joined. Sarah came for a break cause helping cousin w/ but mizvah, we wrestled lol. I lost a lot. Then bedtime. Except of course annabelle. lol. She was back early! Quick though. Van luther. Bed. Thursday up at 7:30. Proc w/ psh hahh. Then gear room for a couple hours. Not much to do. Lots of late gear emails. Lots of blushing all teen mch. Songs are just better w/ speakers, and stereo. Worked more on e-time capsule. Then proc. Some work + lunch. Hammer. Then pelham. He was waiting for alana komaker. Him so interesting. Is there a cat situation? Sarah and mibs joined. Gave hammah my seat + went to colloquium. Bill meibizen on cop 26. Interesting. Basically these conferences are becoming less + less effective. Not a super hopeful talk. Andres tried to ask + a unique moral possibility. Not really a response. Just said nowhere was. Then class. On hope. Good. So cold in the orchard. Then needed to do work but get outta milcrest, so walked all of humroe but clothes so went to xroads. Josephine + me! Aw yay = very fun. I love them. Kate working. I've got 12 left so h cheerliffes. Did some more + baily joined. Sarah said 4:30 proc before practice. Lots joined. Gladys, Ali, real, jo, rae, miumh. Then brocker to change + virtue. Also duck! Yesterday was wet + windy so all the snow is gone = it's cold again but leaves out again + everything just sticky old brown. Sudd. I want it to be snowy but yeah practice. New defense. mts. Fun. I wanted to play more miumh like 5 digne subs + no o time tough. Then ask + baily drove to warren miller at town hall theater. Only other time I've been was for the grist. New years eve 2019. But yeah super lovely. Film + giveaways. Alana got skis. What the heck. Sealous. Blash dung Robin + eliza told there too. Eliza got a shirt + hat. Coco eh + some lad. Eh got a \$200 gift card to a ski shop w/ w. And some lady won a heli skiing package. Waw. Back to campus. Like 11:50. Upstairs to not annabelle. Annabelle got another mids confession. But w/ the other two miumh miumh. Waw. Hung out. Annabelle really funny. Too waw though so she left. Tally ghostrs w/ hat. Hy ped for nath. Will be so fun. Then gt was 11:40 oh baly oh. Got ready for bed + sleep. And said miumh to annabelle. Stressed gal. Got up late at 8:30. Proc w/ jo + max but they left so w/ baha. Surrounded though. Busley meeting. Molly rush 12. Kara, hakev rae miumh. Hly eliza. Grr in here. Talked to lyth. Shes a little stressed. She uses such aggressive graphic language so funny. And baha just left so now a book waw. Cat, lucassm, kalya all in one row. And jake + nam. And miumh. Granna miss so many people after the next week and a half. Need to gmo so can hany. Aw = so much love! 9:50